

CHRISTMAS LIFE



DECEMBER 1922

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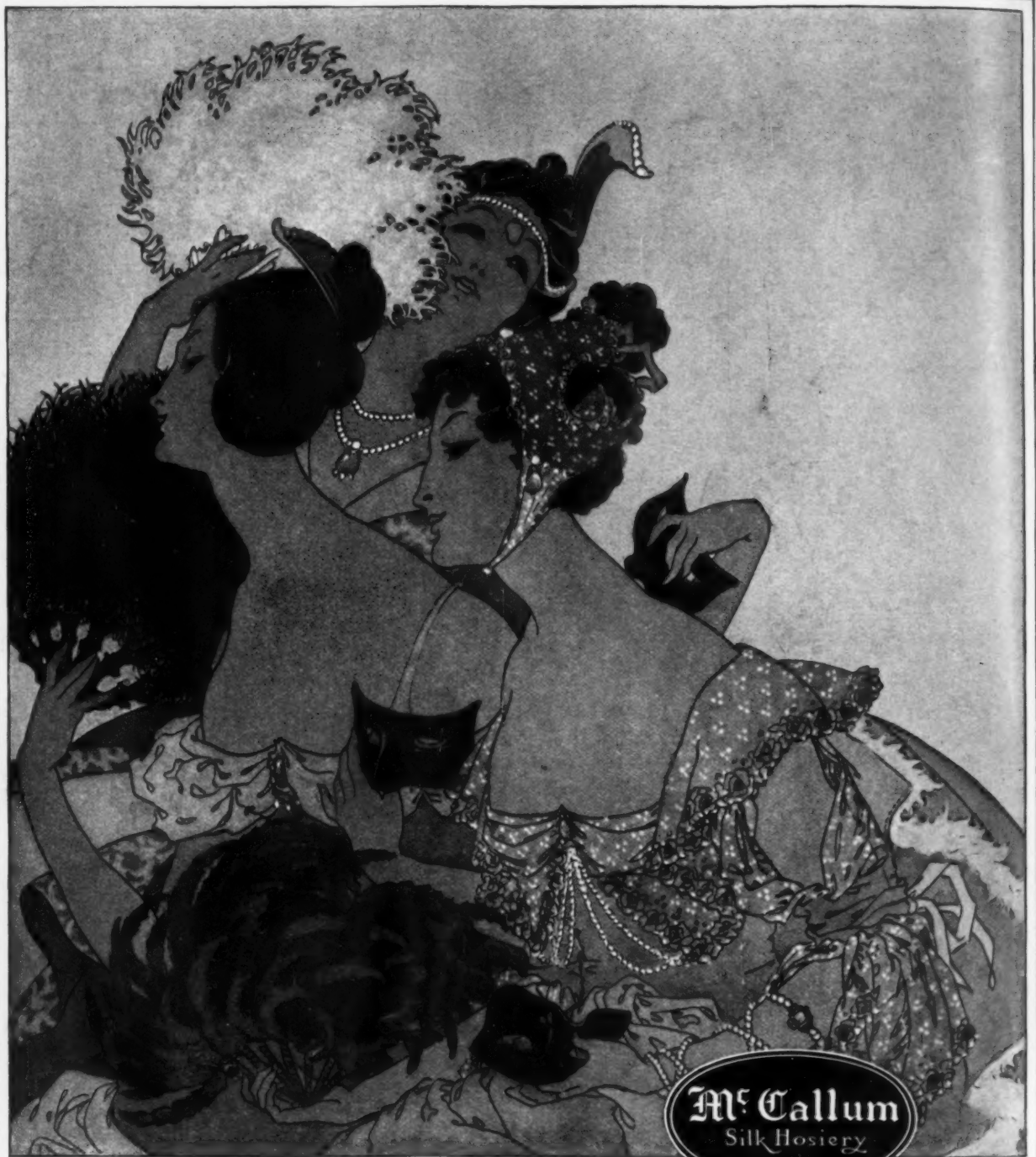
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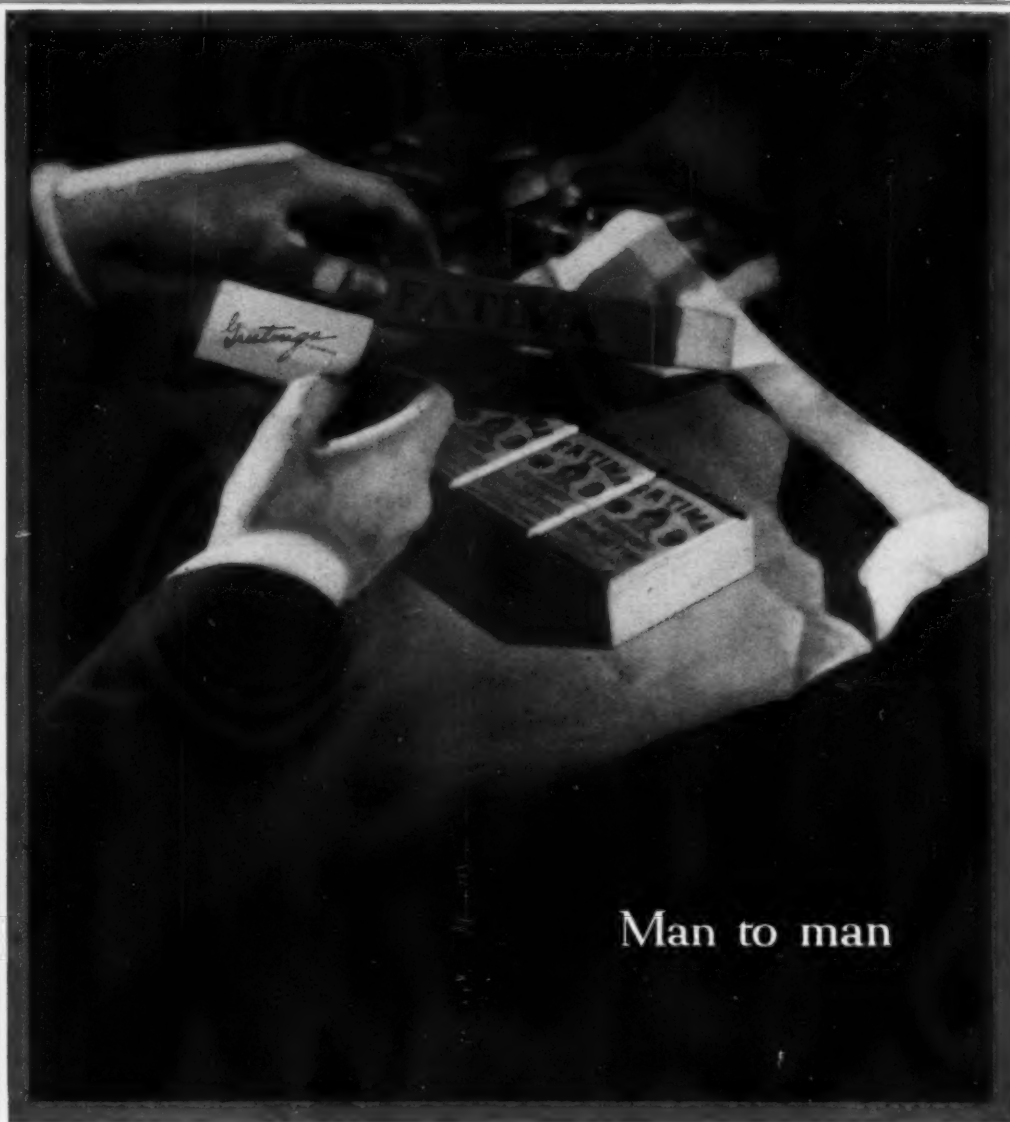
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The famous Michelin Ring-Shaped Tube can now be had with angle valve, making inflation easy from the outside of the wheel.



Man to man

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Fatimas for
Christmas in
special cartons
appropriately designed
for the season

Simple Confession

I'M tired to death of cynics who assume a weary pose
And look upon all kindly folk with slightly tilted nose;
Who boast that life is tedious, and sentiment is rot,
And that a friend in need is simply something that is not.

I'm sick of so much irony and effort to be smart,
Of digs and gibes and mockings which are purposed to be art;
I don't find it amusing when they shatter my ideals,
And claim that pain and suffering are all a mortal feels.

I'm still a bit old-fashioned and it really makes me mad
To hear the hardened way they say the world is wholly bad.
Their blasé air gives me a pain; I fidget when they start
To speak with cold contempt about all matters of the heart.

I'm having a reaction from all this highbrow stuff,
I'll tell the world courageously that I have had enough.
And firmer still I'll make my stand and shriek out my Hosanna:
I know I'm doomed — but here it goes—"Three cheers for Pollyanna!"
H. R.

Journalistic Portraits

THE ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL HERO: He is of medium height, tall, and inclined to be short. He has reddish brown, wavy, light black hair and blue eyes like coals. He is a lightning thinker, decidedly sluggish and, fleet as a deer, he is slow and deliberate in his movements. Off the field he is studious and abhors books and classes.

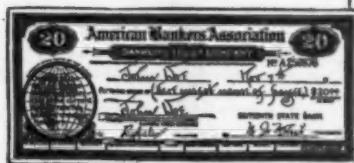
THE NOVELIST: He depends entirely upon his imagination and draws all his characters from life. He is happily married to the sweetheart of his childhood and is living apart from his fourth wife and prefers to remain single. He works from midnight until dawn, writing most of his successful books comfortably in a downtown office in the daytime. He works standing in a comfortable reclining position, dictating to a stenographer and writing everything with a lead pencil. He is very snappish when composing and is so affable that he likes to have people talking to him.



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has luxurious suites, cabins with baths, cabins with toilet, electric fans in every room, spacious decks, swimming pool, verandah cafes, choice orchestra. Everything Canadian Pacific Standard.
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IN CLEVELAND

for
Courtesy
Refinement
Convenience
Excellent
Service
and Kitchen

~ IT'S THE
HOLLENDEN



The Pup: You come one step nearer, you big stiff, and I'll chew you up.

Solving the Problem Sensibly

MY wife solved the Christmas problem earlier than usual this year. I am glad she did, for while my banker took care of me I could hardly have got the loan at a moment's notice.

It was photographs of the children this time.

"Why not just get two or three dozen really good photographs of the children and send one to each of the relatives? Why put up with the expense and agony of hunting gifts?"

It was unanswerable, of course. And I knew it couldn't be any worse than the year she concentrated on books,—just a nice, good book for each of them, was the way she put it. Of course, she had no way of knowing that our own gifts would begin to arrive before we got the books off, shaming us out of sending a mere five- or six-dollar book. And, as she said, keeping them wasn't really a loss. Four or five books on the table really added to the appearance of a room, she thought.

I've just completed the photograph contract. They were only ninety-five dollars a dozen, and even after we had three dozen, an extra dozen, in the other pose my wife thought was so dear, only brought it up to something under four hundred dollars. It gives one such a comfortable feeling to know that the family Christmas gifts are all ready, wrapped and stamped.

I can feel practically certain that I won't have to do any Christmas shopping or borrow any more money until the eighteenth or nineteenth of December, at the earliest. Of course, I don't know what we shall do with the photographs after my wife decides they are not good enough to send. Four dozen pictures of one's children are a good many for a four-room apartment.

McC. H.

To a Young Lady

You prate not of suppressed desires,
Of complexes and dreamings
weird.

The burning of the cosmic fires
Somehow has left your soul un-
seared.

In innocence and sweetness clad,
By youth and youthful courage
buoyed,

You follow no erotic fad,
A simple maiden, unafraid.



Smooth

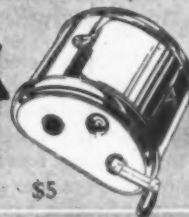
Give him a Twinplex Stropper for his safety razor. He'll be grateful every day, for years to come! Twinplex improves new blades 100% and gives 100 perfect shaves from each new blade. No trouble—no adjusting; a few turns strop keen;—both edges at once. Sold everywhere at \$3.00 for single edge; \$5.00 for double edge blades. Twinplex Sales Co. St. Louis, New York, Montreal.



\$3

**Twinplex
Stropper**

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



\$5




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Most extensive and best line of
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JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 113 Years
and the Largest in the World





"Open Sesame"
is out of date.

The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*,
"SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE"
For the Christmas Shopper—Satisfaction—The gift
that pleases old and young.

Christmas Offer:

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60).
Send LIFE for one year to

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York

With
Christmas Card
from

M



Every out-of-doors
reason for taking
your family to

Cali- fornia this winter and every travel comfort reason for going via the Santa Fe

YOU CAN motor every day over perfect highways—by the sea or along the base of green-clad mountains. There are big resort hotels and cozy inns—or you can rent a bungalow and enjoy your own rose garden.

Golf links galore and excellent schools for your children.

The Santa Fe operates four daily trains to California. One of them—the California Limited—is exclusively for first-class travel.

Fred Harvey serves all the meals "all the way."

Spick-and-span new steel equipment on the California Limited.

There are Pullmans via Grand Canyon National Park to Los Angeles, on both the California Limited and the Missionary. We will arrange your Pullman reservations so you can stay at the Canyon any number of days and be assured of space when resuming journey.

Why not visit Southern Arizona going or returning? It is delightful at Castle Hot Springs, Ingleside and Chandler.

—Hawaii

Afterwards—

mail
this

Mr. W. J. BLACK,
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1116 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please mail to me following Santa Fe book-
lets:
California Picture Book
Grand Canyon Outings
Also details as to cost of trip.

Wanted: Go-Getters

Several bright, self-assured young men, who are unafraid, and unashamed, to execute the following commissions:

A young man to go to England, proceed to the country home of Rudyard Kipling in Sussex, ask Mr. Kipling for an interview for the *New York World*, and—*get it!*

An active, smooth-talking man, to go to Cleveland, Ohio, show and explain to Mr. Newton D. Baker the advantages of owning a new Encyclopædia Britannica, solicit Mr. Baker for an order, and—*get it!*

A smart, breezy young man, to call on Ex-Senator Truman Newberry, ask him to purchase a new 1923 Ford touring car, equipped with all attachments, show Mr. Newberry the dotted line for his signature, and—*get it!*

A strong, well-built, fearless man, to call on Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League, at his office in Washington, with a petition asking Congress to legalize beers and wines, ask Mr. Wheeler for his signature, and—*get it!*

A bold, dauntless youth, sprinter preferred, to call on Rabbi Wise of New York, with an application blank of the Ku Klux Klan, explain to the reverend gentleman that twenty-five dollars cash must accompany the application, and—*collect it!*

A smooth, polite gentleman, with a well-oiled tongue, to call on Sen. Reed of Missouri, at his office in the Capital, ask the Senator for a liberal donation for the Anti-Saloon League, and—*get it!*

A sturdy, solid, large-sized he-man, with rough ways and rougher voice to call on President Leonor Loree of the D. & H. Railroad, demand a liberal contribution to the fund of striking railroad shopmen, and—*get it!* J. F.

The Recipe

TAKE a batch of tinsel,
Discarded in the shed;
Add a mess of sea shell
And several scraps of lead.

Don't overlook the attic,
And rummage in your trunk;
Seize knitted wear and batik
And odds and ends of junk.

Then mix 'em till you have enough
And spread them carefully,
And you will find it's just the stuff
To trim a Christmas tree.

L. M.



Believes—

—in adopting everything new and practical that makes for hotel comfort.

—in maintaining, in addition to its high grade hotel service:

Turkish Baths	Tea Shop
Beauty Salon	Domestic and
Barber Shop	Foreign Travel
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—in leaving such an admirable impression that another visit to Philadelphia means coming to *The Bellevue-Stratford*

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L. M. Boomer, President
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The Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and *The New Willard* in Washington, D. C., under same management.

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Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
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Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



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THE STANDARD
OF TWO CONTINENTS



And at the happiest feast of
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C & C Ginger Ale! Genuine Cantrell & Cochrane, at ease with every fastidious diner.

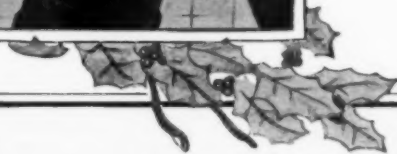
For three quarters of a century, *genuine* Cantrell & Cochrane has been served and appreciated wherever the art of the cuisine is understood. At hotels and restaurants of better patronage; in clubs, town and country; on trains and steamers; in the best homes everywhere.

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SOLE AGENTS, NEW YORK





36 Piece Set in Black Leatherette Case, Grey Velveteen Lining; with Hollow Handle Knives \$60.25; with Solid Handle Knives \$54.00

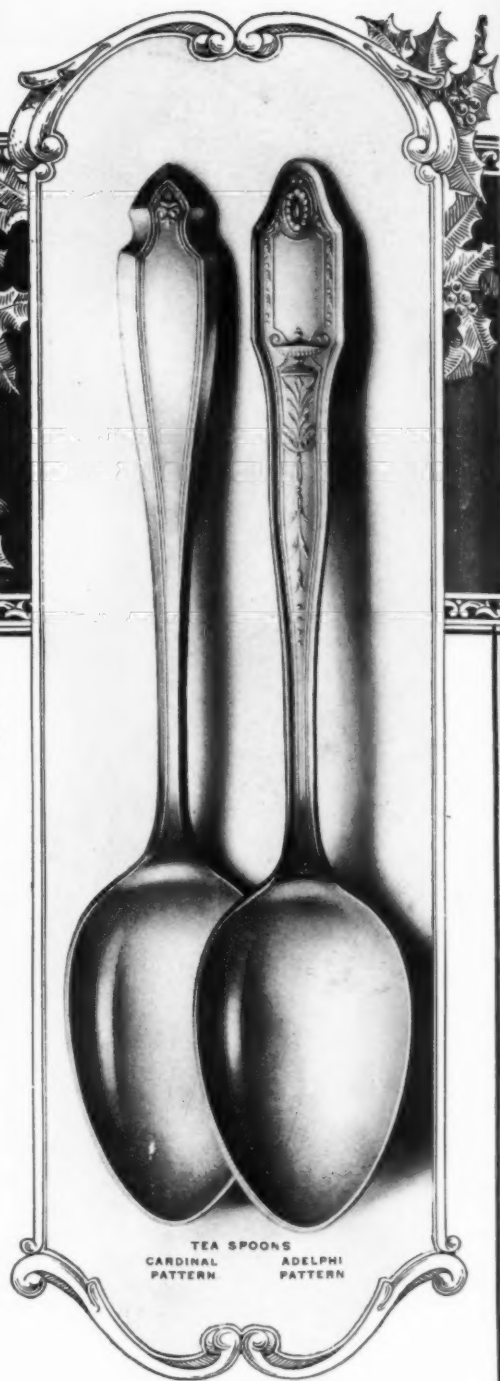
Your Search for the Perfect Gift Ends Here!

HEIRLOOM PLATE is so beautiful—so rich in character, design and finish—that it carries with it a certain pride of possession. You will know the real joy of giving when you select Heirloom Plate as your Christmas remembrance.

Heirloom Plate is guaranteed for 100 years—which is effective evidence of its unchanging quality.

Two superb patterns, the ADELPHI and the CARDINAL—in attractive gift boxes. The selection is a matter of individual taste. Only at good stores. Literature and address of the Heirloom Plate store nearest you upon request.

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto



TEA SPOONS
CARDINAL PATTERN ADELPHI PATTERN

Teaspoons \$4.00
Set of Six

Heirloom Plate

From Generation to Generation

Jim Henry's Column

But a Job is a Job

I needed a job once—badly. I dream about it now—years later.

About everything else has happened to me, for that matter, but somehow being without a job was the worst.

If it wasn't that my kids think I am a great man, I would tell of some of the things I had to do to earn a living.

What I am groping for is some way of putting a little hope into you fellows who need a job, without patronizing you.

We older men have all been through it. We all made our fight and won out according to our abilities. We all found our jobs just as you are certain to find yours. And the experience, bitter though it was, didn't hurt us. It made men of us.

But it's about time I got to work at my own job of selling you a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream.

It may seem heartless to sympathize with a fellow for being jobless and then try to take four bits away from him, but I don't look at it that way.

Whatever you do at this critical period, don't admit for a minute that the best is too good for you. Don't accept second rate stuff. To do that is fatal.

Generally speaking, I don't admire swank, but when a gritty kid is hanging on to his right to existence by his eyebrows, I don't care if he puts on the front of a head waiter.

So, even if it's your last half dollar, I advise you to swagger into a drug store and demand Mennen's. For a few minutes in the morning, anyway, it will put you on the level of captains of industry, movie stars and prize fighters.

All the money in the world won't buy a better shave than you can get with Mennen's. It is one of the few things that has reached perfection.

Say, I am going to be a good fellow and let you keep your fifty cents. If you are really out of a job, I will send my regular 10 cent demonstrator tube free. I'll even throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men—a he-powder which is great for after shaving and bathing. It doesn't show.

Men on intimate terms with a pay envelope will please send the dime.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Extra Santa Clauses

MISS Mildred Smith to Mr. Hawes
Dispatched a missive brief and snappy:

"Drop in, dressed up as Santa Claus,
And help to make the children happy."

But Mildred's aunts who bore her name,

And several aunts who bore her mother's,

Had written letters much the same
To other Misters, *not* their brothers.

The house at Christmas overbrimmed

With youngsters, aunts and guests assembled;

The room was hushed, the lights were dimmed,

In eager hope the children trembled.

A knock! Six ladies cried, "Come in!"

Upon the door all eyes were centered;

The door swung wide—with mighty din

A file of Santa Clauses entered!

And every Santa puffed and fumed

Beneath a pack superbly laden;

And every Santa Claus assumed

A place beside a different maiden.

"Oh, look!" cried chubby little Will,
Arrayed in nightwear somewhat scanty:

"A Santa Claus for Sister Mil
And one apiece for every Auntie!"

But oh! what gifts there were! And oh!

But everyone was blithe and merry!

And pretty soon the mistletoe
Was stripped of every magic berry.

And all agreed with great delight:
"We now, for several good becauses,

Amend the rules of Christmas Night
By adding sundry extra Clauses."
A. G.

That's Enough

"Did you remove the price marks from all the presents before you wrapped them up, Henry?"

"No, dear. Only from the inexpensive ones."

Life is a platitude which ingenuity makes interesting.



Just what is Listerine, anyhow?

YOU'LL be interested to know just why Listerine is so efficient and so safe as an antiseptic—why it has grown so steadily in popularity for the last half century.

Listerine consists of antiseptic oils and essences, such as thyme, eucalyptus, baptisia, gaultheria and mentha, scientifically combined with a saturated solution of boric acid.

Thus it has a two-fold antiseptic effect—first, the liquid itself halts infection; then upon evaporation it leaves a film of pure boric acid to protect the wound while Nature heals.

Its action is safe and sure. Don't be without it at home. For with Listerine near at hand you enjoy that comfortable feeling of *knowing* the antiseptic you use is both efficient and safe.

The booklet that comes with each bottle explains more fully

some of its many uses

A safe, unirritating antiseptic for cuts, wounds and scratches, affording protection against infection while Nature heals.

As a gargle for sore throat to ward off more serious ills

As a spray in nasal catarrh. A safe and fragrant deodorant in matters of personal hygiene. Delightful after shaving. Effective in combating dandruff. Useful in many skin disorders.

As a mouth-wash to correct unpleasant breath (halitosis)

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Just Around the Corner

CHRISTMAS—The Great Home Day—that brings the scattered loved ones back to the home nest is speeding towards the Old Earth as if on the wings of love.

Visions of Sugar Plums—are already dancing through the children's heads and visions of happy faces around the gayly-lighted table are dancing through Mother's head—interrupted only by the world-old question of what to have for dinner.

If Mother is wise, she knows that we *are* what we *eat*, and that her family's health and happiness depend upon the character of the food she provides. She knows that the dinners under which the festive board groans may mean groans for the family later—irritable youngsters and sluggish grown-ups. And she knows that the best food can be spoiled by poor cooking—that simple, inexpensive foods can be made appetizing and health-giving by care in preparation.

The Hand that Rules the Kitchen Rules the World—literally holds in its hollow the world's health, happiness and efficiency. For it is said that the destiny of a nation depends upon its food. A nation is but a great collection of homes. The home maker is largely responsible for the health and happiness of her family, and as each of its members takes his or her place in the affairs of the world, the home maker's influence widens until it is felt industrially, commercially and professionally.

Many Business Troubles are Stomach Troubles—and much of the sickness and death laid to other causes is the result of eating poorly cooked food. Many domestic troubles have their origin in the frying pan, and many a backward school boy is punished for "creeping like snail—unwillingly to school" because he is improperly fed.

"Food Makes the Soldier"—

said Napoleon. Food just as truly *makes the worker*—the every day Soldier who fights life's every day battles. For upon well-cooked, easily digested food depend the bread-winner's ability to earn more bread and the school boy's ability to do his work—in fact family prosperity and happiness.

The Economy of Good Cooking—

is evident when we consider that food is fuel. It is burned in the body to produce heat and energy just as coal is burned in your furnace. Food that does not burn (digest) not only endangers life but is waste just as the clinkers in your furnace are waste. Fuel food is expensive. Why waste it? The food scientist measures the energy value of food in calories just as we measure distance in blocks and dress goods in yards. So with a scientific cook book

at hand, the home maker can find out just what her workers need and she can find out how to preserve the food's strength-giving, health-giving values. Then there is no waste either of health, food or money.

We Eat with our Eyes—

as well as with our teeth. "Appetite juice"—a most important factor in digestion—is produced by food that is appealing to the eye, and by cheerful surroundings. "The spirit of kindness must be supreme at the table" says Gilbert Chesterton, and a noted physician says: "Never allow an unpleasant subject to be mentioned at the table." Here at least people should be joyous.

The World's Most Famous Cook—

Brillat-Savarin, noted lawyer and eminent judge, left to the world the hygienic order of a dinner, to be followed always with a *light* dessert. Savarin made it the fashion for the Nobility of France to cook. Louis XV in kingly velvet and lace, spent many hours in his palace kitchens concocting rare dishes. Now it is the Nobility of Motherhood that produces the best cooks, and "like Mother used to make" is the great home standard.

So if Mother will but invite Science into her Kitchen—

to help in preparing the regular three meals a day, and follow the great Savarin in serving fewer over-rich desserts and more simple Sugar Plums, she may be sure that it will be a healthier, happier family that gathers around the Christmas table to celebrate *The Great Home Day*.

Cooking is now recognized as a science. It is closely related to long-life. Therefore, to Life Insurance.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for years has helped the home maker to make the three meals a day count for health and happiness.

With the teachings of domestic science in schools and educational work by magazines and newspapers has come general improvement in cooking.

As a result of the combined efforts to improve all living conditions our death rate has been lowered 31.9%

in the last ten years. 55,000 of the Metropolitan's policy holders, who paid their premiums weekly, sat down last year to their Christmas dinners who wouldn't have been there if the death rate for 1921 had been the same as for 1911.

"Next to the Bible, the most important book in any home is a reliable Cook Book," says a prominent clergyman, formerly a physician. This is true from a standpoint both of health and economy. Food values are often entirely destroyed by improper cooking—the juices of meats are lost and the precious minerals of vegetables go down the

drain pipe in the water in which they are cooked.

As the Holiday Season approaches when the thought uppermost in millions of mother-minds is the best dinner for the least expenditure of time, labor and money, the Company offers free and with the best of good will—"The Metropolitan Cook Book".

Your name and address on a post card will bring by next mail, this scientific but non-technical book, which will help to solve the problem of three good nourishing meals a day throughout the entire year.

HALRY FISKE, President



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK



"Merry Christmas"



CHRISTMAS GUESTS

by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN with drawings by **JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS**

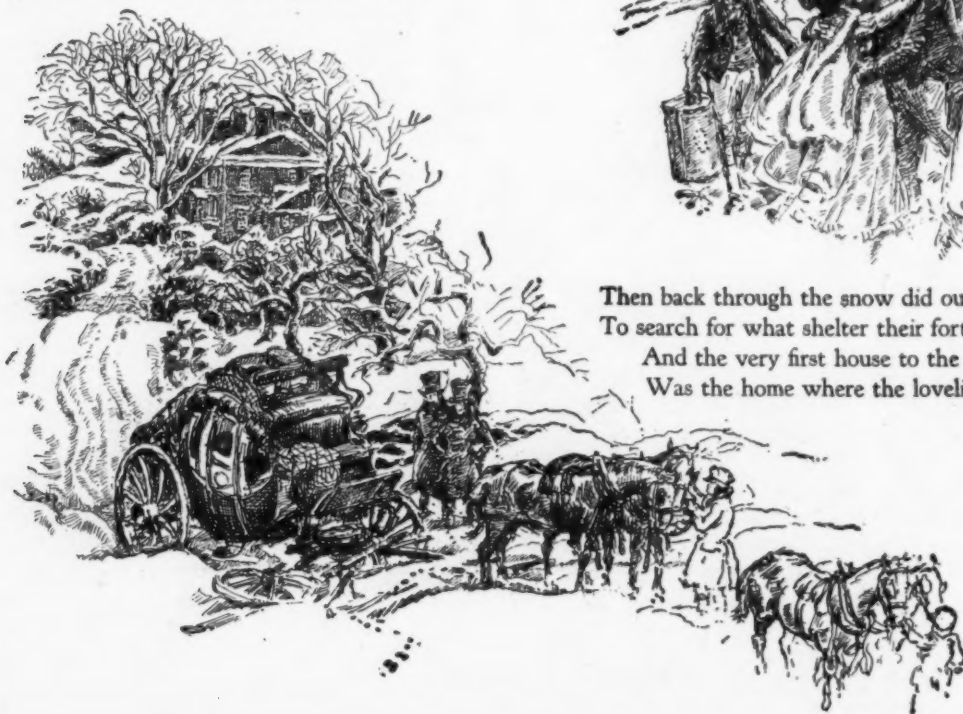
A way lurched the coach with a groan and a grunt
And two merry gentlemen up in the front
Who wished in their hearts they had bargained to ride
With the lady, the loveliest lady, inside.

A throng at a gate and a welcoming shout;
The driver pulled up and the lady stepped out;
And the gentlemen mourned as the coach grumbled on
That the lady, the loveliest lady, was gone!

Alas for the coach where the lady was not!
An axletree broke and a wheel went to pot;
But the gentlemen both, though the driver might chafe,
Rejoiced that the loveliest lady was safe.



Then back through the snow did our gentlemen wend
To search for what shelter their fortune might send;
And the very first house to the right of the road
Was the home where the loveliest lady abode!



Good welcome they found and a jovial host
(And his loveliest daughter, which pleased them the most),
And the gentlemen doubted, yet hoped it was true
That the loveliest lady was pleased with them, too.



Where Bounty with Laughter held holiday rule
They ate of the goose and the pudding of Yule;
They drank to their host in the sweet muscatel
And toasted the loveliest lady, as well.

With youngsters and maidens, esquires and dames,
In maskings and mummings, in dances and games,
Our two merry gentlemen labored, untired,
To do as the loveliest lady desired.



To all merry gentlemen comfort and bliss
And right merry Christmas adventures like this
To end with a branch of the green mistletoe
And a lady, the loveliest lady, below!



A Fable

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who did his Christmas shopping early.

"There," quoth he, as he hid the last of his precious bundles in his closet, secure from prying eyes, "that's over and I can have the whole of November and December to myself."

And so he sat him down each night thereafter in his study with his favorite evening paper, stretched his legs in luxurious ease before a crackling grate fire and bethought him it wasn't a bad world after all.

On the first night of his new-found freedom, he turned to the fashion page and there, sure enough, was what he sought. He nodded in satisfaction as he noted the lines of the correct sealskin coat depicted thereon, a model of which reposed in his closet for his wife. He smiled gleefully as his eye strayed

to the smart dinner frocks which so faithfully illustrated the lines of similar gowns that lay sequestered in their wrappings in his room, awaiting the delighted "Ohs" and "Ahs" of his growing daughters on Christmas morn.

And then he turned contentedly to the sporting page. There was golf at Sunny Pinehurst, and farther South at Palm Beach the Northern invaders were indulging in their first dip, laved by the warm Gulf Stream. That too had its pleasures, to be sure, but where, he asked himself, was the incomparable peace of his own home and fireside? His winter task completed, a good pipe and a friendly hearth to greet him and an accumulation of enthralling literature—what more could mortal man ask here below! And again he sighed in perfect contentment.

But, lo, along about the second

month, he allowed his eye again to stray to the fashion page idly, as one who, having nothing more to ask of life, dwells on its simplicity. And then, aghast, he stared the harder at the illustrations before him.

"There is a marked tendency toward lengthier models for milady's coat this Winter," he read, "as directly opposed to the fashions of the Autumn, while the frocks of yestermornth in all their youthful shortness have given way to the greater dignity of full-grown skirts."

Sorrowfully he put away his pipe and paper, doffed his slippers for goloshes and hied him forth in the rain and sleet to do his shopping all over again.

MORAL: The early bird catches the worm but who the dickens wants a worm, anyway?

L. A. M.



"Don't you love Christmas, Bobby?"

"Sure! Christmas is fine. But this bein' good for a week before-hand is the limit."



*"Twas the night after Christmas
And all through the house——"*

IN the guestroom Cousins Olga and Wilbert, in belligerent whispers, are trying to settle the point whose idea it was anyway of spending Christmas with relatives.

Myrtle is conducting a little research work in the price marks of her gifts, preparatory to striking a profit and loss balance for the day.

In the nursery a delegation of aunts are trying to hold a peace conference with little Pet, who is demanding her favorite doll with the broken head and left foot missing, surreptitiously discarded by the family the day before.

Below, grandma is tidying up, picking up pieces of paper and string and putting them down somewhere else. Mother is engaged in remembering all the people to whom she forgot to send cards. Grandfather announces at intervals that he ate too much dinner, while Aunt Isobel, ever since the distribution of gifts, has maintained a stony silence.

Father, who has been sent down-cellar to look for the gift that must have got mixed up with the discarded tissue paper, is wondering how he could ever have let the Christmas spirit carry him so far as to unlock his private stock when those wolves, Cousins Frank and Harry, were in the house.



"Jimminy Christmas"

a Tragedy



IF you turn to the opening of Stevenson's story, *A Lodging for the Night*, and transpose the scene from Paris to London you will find the setting of the sketch I have in mind. In case you have forgotten that lovely picture, I ask you to think of high gabled roofs, smoking chimney pots, half-timbered houses that bulge into pleasant lines—in fact all the aspects of medieval London. Over it as in the Stevenson tale the snow drifts down, filling the streets with silence.

It is early morning on Christmas Day in the year 1528. Very few of the inhabitants are abroad because it is early and also because it is a holiday and a cold one.

Around the corner of a pretentious house came a little group of men clad in doublet and hose, muffled up around their necks against the nipping cold. Stopping underneath a casement window they suddenly burst into song.

"God rest you merry, gentlemen! Let nothing you dismay," was the carol that mounted on the frosty air. Before the waits had finished their song a portentous figure appeared bearing a stave.

"Stop!" he cried in a booming voice. "In the name of the King, cease. I represent the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise. No more of your yowlings—Begone!"

The singers slunk away, crest-fallen.

But sec, another little group approached the same house, dragging a huge log upon which one of their

number sat astride. From a neighboring doorway stepped another muffled figure wearing the insignia of office.

An imperious gesture of his hand, and the merry group eased up on the ropes, and came to a halt.

"What is this?" demanded the intruder, showing his badge. "How is it you pull this once noble tree through the streets of London?"

"'Tis only a yule-log," explained he who sat astride. "'Tis a time-honored custom."

"Aw, go jump in the Thames," responded the other petulantly. "I'm

To the left, in the porch of the church opposite, stood a gloomy individual wearing a black cloak and looking for all the world like a bird of prey—waiting.

Presently he stepped nimbly out of his hiding-place and laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of the young clerk who was passing.

"What is that you are wearing in your cap, my fine young gallows-bird?" he demanded.

"Oh, sir, that is but a sprig of holly—Christmas, you know, sir," said the clerk, wincing under the gripping hand.

"Well, I'd have you know that I am an officer of the Society Opposed to

Gauds, Vanities and Follies for Personal Adornment. Take that stuff off, and if I catch you again with any such trumpery foolishness I'll clout you right merrily over the dome." So saying, he administered a swift kick to the clerk, who broke into a run and disappeared around the corner.

No sooner had this little drama been enacted than a villainous, hawk-nosed person approached the service door of a large mansion and, picking up the knocker, beat a resounding tattoo. The door was flung open by a white-garbed cook.

"I have come to inspect your kitchen and larder," he said, forcing his way past the other.

"Ah, what have we here? Game pasty—um—trussed fowl and, as I live and breathe, a boar's head. Know you not, wretched cook, that I am the chief inspector of the Veg-



"I'm the Fuel Administrator."

the Fuel Administrator and as such I command you to drag this log to the Municipal Wood Yard. It's confiscated."

Exeunt the merry-makers dragging log followed by the Fuel Administrator.

etarian Society and that the eating of meat is an offence against Act 4738, File A 732, and that the penalty is something fierce? Gather up, then, these abominations and come with me."

So saying, he herded the cook, two kitchen boys and a scullery maid, all laden with the incriminating evidence, out into the snow and the little procession took its way to the Law Courts.

In the confusion of going, the door had been left ajar. Softly through the snowy street stepped a sinister person, wearing a high hat and a white tie; weedy hair straggled down over his ears and a furtive look shot from his little, beady eyes. Discovering the open door, he darted in and closed it softly behind him. Once inside he crept through the deserted kitchen and at the end of a long corridor came into a large pantry in which several servants, surrounded by flagons and bottles, were mixing a drink in a huge bowl on a table.



"The door was flung open by a white garbed cook."

"A-ha!" cried the invader. "Children of the devil! I've caught you red-handed. The Christmas wassail, you say? I'll wassail you, you limbs of Satan. And what's that yonder? Tankards of ale? What a haul! Won't Messer Anderson at the G. H. Q. be delighted! Come with me, you godless whelps, and see that you

carry the evidence most carefully."

* * *

John Bull awoke with the perspiration streaming from his honest brow. "Watkins," he cried as he struck a bell sharply, "a double Scotch and soda." *R. K.*

Sleepy Street

NO echo in the quiet lane,
For sunbeams dancing on each
lattice pane
Do trip so lightly with such sound-
less sound,
That even the much-leaved overhang-
ing tree
Hushes his ever-murmuring min-
strelys.
Each quaint wee house
Is hushed as a listening mouse!
Wise shadows peep, — then bolder
grow
(A little child has told me so);
They steal out across the cobbled
road,
And when a cloud across the sun
speaks rain,
All quietly they tip-toe back again.
A. E. W.-B.



The Squire's Dream

"Egad! Gentlemen and neighbors all; I had a most diverting and preposterous dream last night. I dreamed that men and women were going to prison for doing just what we are doing this very Christmas Eve."



Mrs. Pep's Diary

December 2nd A mad day spent in the shops seeking suitable gifts against the coming Yuletide. Desperate at being unable to get anything embroidered or engraved with initials, and wroth with myself for not having been fore-hand, as I do swear each year to be. Nor can I understand, with all the censors we have in needless connections, why it is that there is no dictator of Christmas presents. For this afternoon I did see a poor wretch being persuaded to the purchase of a lamp, the ugliest one that ever I saw in my life, and I was at some pains to restrain myself from gainsaying the salesman on the spot, the outlay involved being fifty or sixty dollars. If no dictator, we should at least have a statute forbidding the exchange of decorative objects. Lord! I should rather be given a packet of cards or a book of postage stamps any day than an odd bowl or cendrier fancied by someone else. . . . To bed exhausted, and shortly after dining, the masseuse having done what she could for my ailing feet.

December 3rd Awake betimes with such an aking in my (Lord's Day) head as to keep me from service, which I was glad of, in especial as the malady disappeared after Sam had dosed me with an effervescent mixture. . . . Going over my Christmas list again, I do find that I have left out our Aunt Caroline, for which my hus-

band berated me roundly. So I must brave the crowds again, and with small zest for the mission, too, it being no easy matter to choose an acceptable gift for a woman who already has everything she wants and far more than she needs. . . . A large company to our house for supper, with which we served a cup that set them all to asking how it was made. And I did not tell them the straight of it, neither.

December 4th Off early, and found for Aunt Caroline an antique glass box for which I would gladly have given two of my teeth, but the decorator was quite satisfied with forty dollars. . . . To luncheon at an inn with Constance Pearson, and she told me how well her boy of nine had done in the Binet test. They did show him a picture, Con said, titled "Paul Revere's Farewell" and showing its subject taking leave of his wife and family before setting out on his famous ride. And there was a telephone in the picture which the child did mark at once. Lord! I should never have seen it. Never shall I submit my poor wits to such an investigation, my fear of the outcome being too great. . . . Our luncheon a fine one, of sweetbreads, soufflé potatoes, salad and a rare cheese and I relished it the more because I should have confined myself to some fish and a plain vegetable. But having lived long enough to know that my will power is negligible, I have learned to become resigned to its defections. *B. L.*

Grins and Groans from the Late Election

YOU know there is going to be an awful Scandal over this last Election. The Republicans claim the Democrats didn't notify them they were having one.

* * *

That's just like those Democrats, they are kinder dirty that way.

* * *

One Republican in New York City found it out and voted for Miller. And now the Democrats are trying to find out how he knew it. It seems there was a leak somewhere.

* * *

I made one speech for my Man in New York and elected him. While Harding, Hughes and all of them gave the Government's time to help Frelinghuysen in N. J. But the Voters judged him by the Company he had kept.

* * *

Edwards of N. J. just waved a Bottle at the Polls and the Voters come a-running.

* * *

The man with the Bottle is the man of to-day. The only way to beat him is to get two bottles.

* * *

Frelinghuysen had plenty of Bottles but he made the Mistake of opening them for the Cabinet instead of for the voters.

* * *

Senator Calder of New York couldn't survive the Glove Tax. His Pallbearers all wore mittens.

* * *

A Doctor was elected Senator from New York. That means an Apple a day.

* * *

Lodge and Culture had a close call in Massachusetts. The Illiterate element come within five thousand votes of predominating.

* * *

LaFollette of course was elected. A Child born in Wisconsin is taught two things. One is to love LaFollette and the other is to hate Minnesota.

* * *

Hiram Johnson won in Cali-Iowa. You may have seen some slight mention of it in the Hearst Papers.

* * *

And when these all get in there they will be just as bad as the others. Politics is all *Apple Sauce* anyway. *Will Rogers.*



Mary Pickford

From scented eastern bowers
 To western meadows sweet,
 The world has gathered flowers
 And laid them at her feet;
 From simple wildwood posies
 To ribanded bouquet
 Of haughty hothouse roses—
 What is there left to say?

Must I too, willy-nilly,
 To fond tradition hold—
 Must I repaint the lily?
 Regild the Marigold?
 If I, but for an hour,
 The Wizard Burbank were,
 I'd build a brand-new flower
 And name it after Her.

O. H.



Mistletoe Magic

She slept beneath the mistletoe
That Bran the Druid came to glean.
How should the ancient harper know
The face of Mab, the fairy queen?

He dared to kiss the parted lips
Of her that rules the dreams of men,
And like the tide that rocks the ships
His youth, his youth came back again!

She gave her mouth, she gave her hand,
About her waist he bent his arm,
Away they fled to Fairyland,
But left behind the lasting charm:

That all are young, and none are old
And hearts are high, though lights are low,
And maids are fair and men are bold
Beneath the magic mistletoe.

At the Moment of Writing Some Reflections on Christmas

ELECTRIC fans are among the chief nuisances of civilization. Months of painstaking perseverance applied to one of the Westinghouse cyclones will not serve to adjust it properly. Either its furious blast scatters the papers on your desk like so many Kansas farmhouses, or it plays interminably on your neck, reminding you that a visit to the barber cannot be longer postponed.

The ideal adjustment for an electric fan never has been found, but research with such an object in view is one of the chief duties of anyone writing of Christmas for the magazine trade. One cannot hope to weather the dog days and contribute something appropriate for the season unless a reasonable degree of comfort is assured.

And then, there are always those summer engagements. Late August is such an exacting period. The persistent urge of the cooling waters forever contends with such social duties as have been postponed for two months and must finally be compressed into one hurried week; not to mention what it does to professional tasks.

Christmas, one reflects, and proceeds to concentrate on the outward forms of the sacred day. Holly—that's that green stuff with the red berries. And mistletoe; always mistletoe. And stockings hung above the fireplace. . . .

"You haven't forgotten that we are going for a sail with the Preens this afternoon, have you, dear?" comes the voice of your task mistress.

"No! Certainly not!" you respond.

Bright faces, rosy in the wintry winds; furs, and merry laughter ringing through the clear, frosty air; carols—what the deuce did I do with that carol I clipped last year?—Dickens, old England. . . .

You browse along in thought, almost catching the spirit of the season.

"There is a pair of white flannels in your closet just back from the cleaners. You'll wear them, won't you?" comes a further inquiry.

"Yes! Of course!" you mutter. Tired shopgirls, managing to smile



A Dog's Life

"A Merry Christmas to ye, doggie. May ye always have a bone and enough fleas to keep ye busy!"

bravely; the rush of happy throngs from shop to shop; lighted windows, gleaming like so many squares of rosy jewels; toys and dolls. . . .

"Your white sport shoes have been cleaned."

"Thanks so much."

Old couples and young couples; couples childless and couples crowded round by their offspring; splendid couples and shabby couples; kindly folk everywhere, filled with the gladness of the . . . confound that fan! It never stays put! . . . gladness of the holiest of days.

"You'd better start dressing soon.

We'll have to start in half an hour."

"In a minute."

Churches from whose depths come shafts of light and the sonorous beauty of organs sounding joy; choir boys with freshly scrubbed faces; *Adeste fideles*. . . .

"Are you dressing now?"

"Just beginning."

"I thought I heard your typewriter."

"Only one more word and I'll start."

Christmas!

J. K. M.

In the Art Museum

Adventures of an Absent-Minded Lady as She Starts to Go Through the Turnstile

GATEMAN

You'll have to go back and check that umbrella, Madam.

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

It's not wet, I only brought it because my niece was so sure it would rain, she would have come with me but her little boy has chicken pox, I didn't think it looked like it, but she said she was certain, it looked so black, and now the sun is out, she's so positive—

(The Attendant at the checking window takes her umbrella and hands her a check.)

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

I think I had better put it in my glove, I have so many little things in my bag I should never find it—What shall I do if I go out by another door?

ATTENDANT

You'll have to come out this way, Madam, to get your umbrella.

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

It isn't my umbrella, it's my niece's, not my niece, my husband's, I've lost three this year, so I've given up having one—(She goes through the turnstile.) I want to see the Blue Boy first, which way do I go?

GATEMAN

You'll have to go quite a ways to see that, Madam, the Boy's gone West, it's in California, it never was here.

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

Why, my niece saw it here the other day, I'm sure—Well, I expect to go to California some day, I want to see those big trees—My son is out there, he wrote me all about one tree he saw, he writes very good letters, this one was 300 feet in diameter.

(She goes up to the



"You'll have to go back and check that umbrella, Madam."

picture galleries and, not having a catalogue, she becomes friendly with another old lady who has one.)

LADY WITH A CATALOGUE

There is a picture I rather wanted to see, but I can't find it—a friend

told me to be sure and see it—It's called "Saturday Night," it might be those men drinking—

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

Oh, I hope not.

LADY WITH A CATALOGUE

Well, they number things so queerly, now there are "Cows Resting in the Shade" and "Nuns Combing Their Hair," one's 29 and the other 101.

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

Let me see, "Saturday Night." There's a girl taking a bath.

LADY WITH A CATALOGUE

No, she's 52, "A Modern Venus."

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

Well, I don't see what it can be unless it is workmen or someone in a bath—

(She strolls on into the next room. As she steps back to look at a picture she sees a small brass plate on the floor with a number on it. She picks it up and examines it.)

Why, this must have come off some picture—23—Let me see, perhaps I can find the one it belongs on—

(She goes from one room to another and at last finds a picture without a number and places the brass plate in the corner of the frame.)

I'm glad I found it.

(She comes to a still-life painting of cake and fruit, which reminds her that it must be nearly lunch time. When she reaches the entrance she finds that it is raining and she remembers the umbrella. She goes to the checking place.)

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

Will you give me my umbrella, please, or rather my niece's, it has an ivory handle or
(Continued on page 68)



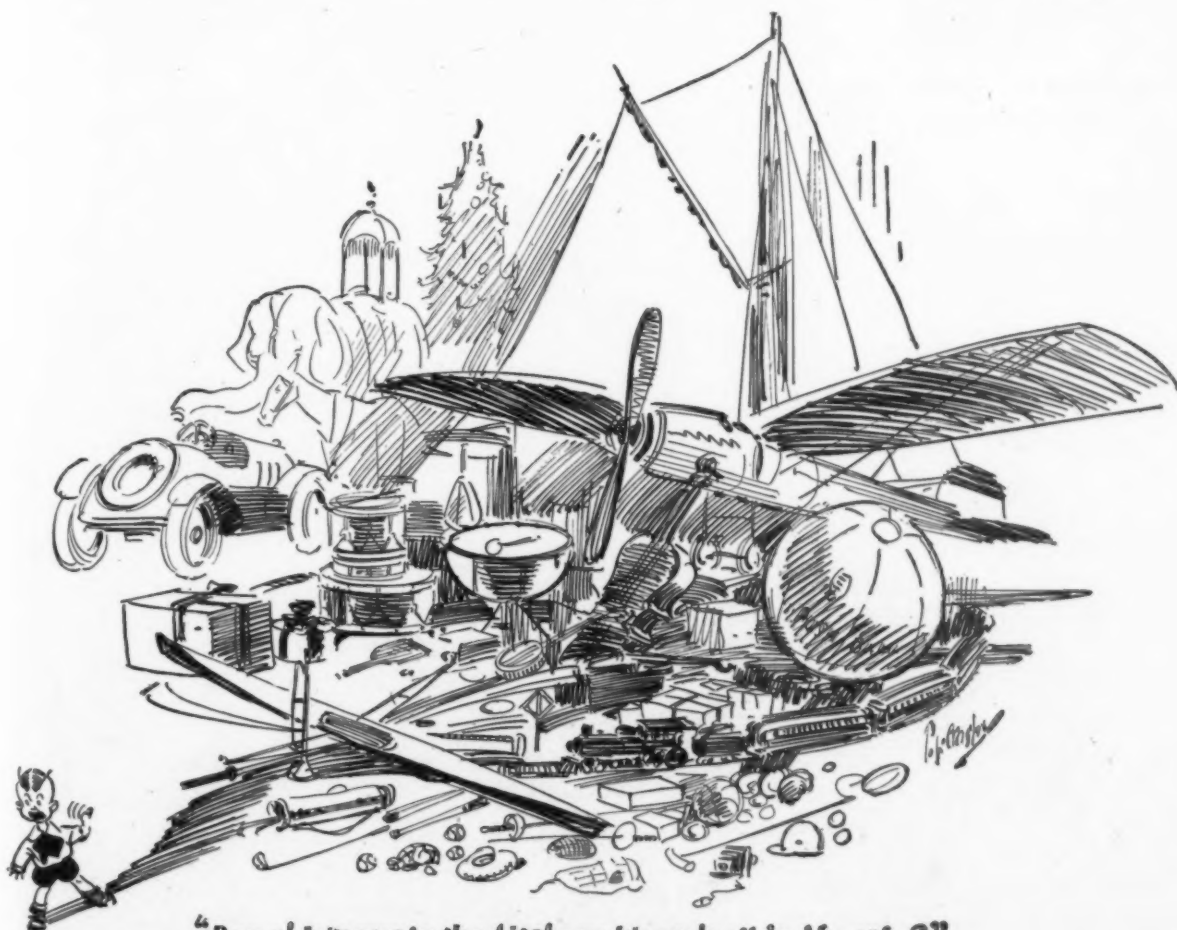
"Let me see, 'Saturday Night.' There's a girl taking a bath."



The little Boy who overslept on Xmas morning.



The Man
who gave his
son an Air Rifle
for Xmas



"Papa! Where's the little rubber ball 'n' 'lastic?"



Johnnie finds that the metal tennis racquet his brother got for Christmas is ideal for roasting Pop-corn.



"N forgive me if I peek 'cause after all I'm only a little boy."



"Oh! What a bum I could make outa the Organist if they'd let me play for the Choir"

"I tell ya it ain't Santy Claus!"





"At last I got me Xmas shoppin' done, but it certainly breaks into a Dollar."



"Now remember! It's Christmas Eve - so don't go making any wise cracks!"



"Oh, Gawd! How did I ever get losed on Xmas Eve?"



"Having gotten the Children to bed, Father finally slipped downstairs."

Christmas Eve in Dingley Dell

ALAS! the genial Wardle has become a Prohibitionist. The only liquor in the house is home-made lemonade. Jingle produces a medical certificate—"Blown up—mine—dislocated spine—ditto heart—doctor insists brandy." Sam Weller is dispatched to the Blue Boar for medical supply. He approaches Pickwick, and whispers, "Can get you something in a pig's whistle, as the cannibal's wife remarked after she had cut the windpipe of the tax collector. Wot shall it be—rum, gin, fruity port, or bottled stout?" Pickwick groans.

"Wardle would never forgive me," he says. Then, turning to Snodgrass, Tupman and Winkle, "Gentlemen, this must be a dry Christmas. I regret to say that our honored host is, also, a vegetarian."

Just at this awful moment a chromatic disturbance is heard from outside. A village child with a Chicago accent is yelling, "I want that mistletoe—I want that mistletoe—I want that mistletoe—I want that GOOD OLD MISTLETOE BOUGH."

"Great heavens!" asks Pickwick of Wardle, who enters from the hall, gloomily chewing gum, "what is the matter?"

"Why, this," explains the reformed owner of Dingley Dell, "is syncopated carol singing. It seems good to me."

"Thank goodness, Charles Dickens is dead!" breathes poor Pickwick, as he swoons on the cold, cold floor.

La T. H.

A Christmas Warning

WHEN to a child you wish to give a toy
And eventually you've found the proper thing,
'Twill add a lot to everybody's joy
If you take time to test your offering.

So blow it, squeeze it, see if it will wink
Or wind it up—whichever it may be;
You must be sure, you must not merely think
'Twill work for you before the presentee.

Should it consist of things which must be built,
Make sure that you can build them—every one;
That you won't feel a horrid sense of guilt
If later you are asked how they are done.

No greater disappointment is on earth
Than toys which do not function when they should;
And many a hope's been blighted at its birth
And many a giver's been misunderstood.

If you can't fly the airship, or explain
The proper way to build the pyramid,
You'll be a sight that always causes pain:
A great big Grown-up shamed before a kid.

G. K. D.



"Look at yo' Christmas dinner!!!"



The Dummy

*Fellow children,
Christmas is upon us.
Shall we make
the most
of the toys
we get?*



Three Toys Where One Grew Before

Paper Read Last Week Before the Pre-Christmas Convention of the Children's Serious Playing League, Chicago, Ill.

I WONDER if we children have done as much as possible, the past year, to bring about the maximum depreciation of our toys. This is the time for each of us to take a true accounting of his affairs and see what he has accomplished in his year's playing. What is the net? Have we gained or lost since the beginning of the fiscal year, last December 25th?

I want to say that until we children face this matter of toy depreciation fairly (and squarely), playing in America can never hope to attain the proportions that it enjoys in European countries.

Now we all know that our business is different from most other businesses. In our business, as you all already know, depreciation of equipment is a thing to be desired rather than a thing to be minimized. As a previous speaker has already intimated, a toy is no good until it is busted into several pieces. Even though this may be hard for the layman to understand, it is true.

I have made some careful observations in my own playing and perhaps the accounting system I have adopted in my own plant may be of value in yours. My own operations include such diversified endeavors as railroading, doll raising, concerts, large construction jobs (block houses, castles, etc.), hospital management, interior decoration, circuses, Indian warfare, etc., so that I feel qualified to speak on the subject that has been given me.

First of all let me say that I consider a strict accounting of every detail of my destructiveness the first requisite for systematic increase of toy depreciation. I never break a toy without immediately setting the transaction down in my profit and loss ledger. When I hear some visitor to my playroom squash one of my ten-cent celluloid dolls under his hoof I run like a good little boy and set down a gain of 75 per cent in my ledger.

I aim, arbitrarily, to increase the value of every toy given me each Christmas at least 300 per cent before the following Christmas. Each day, for instance, I take a careful inventory of rolling stock—railroad cars, doll buggies, kiddie cars—to see if I can enter any items of depreciation. A railroad car with a wheel off is 25 per cent better than a car with four good wheels. A doll with an arm off I consider worth 25 per cent more. If I can leave a doll out in the rain and bring it in with a flecked face (small-pox effect) I set that down as a 66 2/3 per cent gain. (They are so much more loveable!) A musical instrument with five notes is 40 per cent better when a couple of notes go mute. If I can't make three "Mother Goose" books out of one "Mother Goose" book I consider myself wholly inefficient. Any dollie dish can be easily broken into three good dollie dishes.

You see what my accounting does, and what my ideal of 300 per cent depreciation does. I strive for that

ideal constantly. I break my toys harder. I know where I stand every evening.

A careful periodic inventory will reveal to you, no doubt, that you are entirely too indestructive. But I tell you you can be more destructive if you make the effort.

Our toys are what we make them. And we are all just about to receive our new stocks of nice toys—raw materials I call them. Let our attitude towards toys be "Multiplication by division." *Bust at least one toy each day, is my parting advice to you.* D. H.

The Charlatan's Chantey

NOW off with the compass tackle;

Stand clear while the rudder flies,
And the hiss of the anchor shackle
Ascends to the bright green skies.

Then batten fast the lee scuppers,
Put clews in the boom tackle gear;
'Tis a night to make landsmen lose
suppers,
Yet who on our stout ship knows
fear?

With the fore cat-heads lashing to
ribbons,
And the dog-watch's howling
below,
'Mid the crash of the bulkheads together,
And the boom of the yard-arms,
we go.

For there's something I know not
a-calling
That makes all true sailormen
sigh,
And drop a salt tear on the mast-
head,
As the storm clouds out yonder
ooze by.

Aye, we go, little girl on our mission,
Though it cost all our lives, or
yet more;
Though we'll all be sunk straight to
perdition
Should our bob-stay be caught in
the shore.

Oh, it's bounding along on our bow-
sprit
As makes the red blood sing and
boil!
Heave ho! for the Kamchatka
Islands,
In search of Scott's Cod-Liver Oil.
W. C. S.



I KNOW TOMMY WILL
LIKE THESE

BETTY WILL JUST
ADORE THIS

GRANDPA HAS
ALWAYS WANTED
BED SOCKS



MASTER WILL LOOK
SWELL GOING TO
CHRISTMAS SERVICE
WITH THIS

NOW ISN'T THIS TOO
LOVELY FOR WORDS?
MISTRESS HAS SO
WANTED A NEW
EVENING GOWN

I HOPE ETHEL
ENJOYS THIS
BOOK MORE
THAN I DO

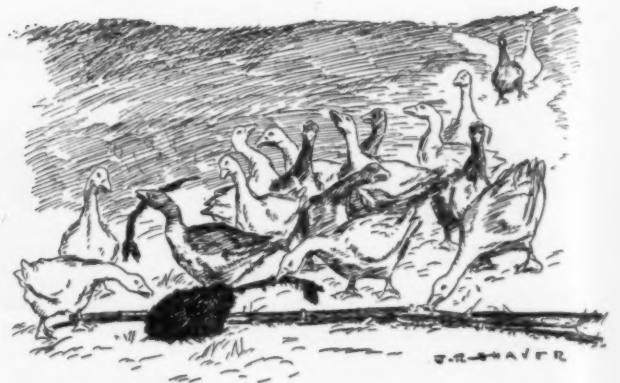


AUNT JANE DOTES ON SILK
STOCKINGS - SO DO I

I'VE NEVER CARED FOR DRUMS
BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE

WELL, I SUPPOSE I'LL
GET MINE LATER

Guess What Our Pup Got for Christmas



The Wild Goose Chase



"Jasper, see if you can think of anyone we've forgotten to get a present for."
 "I'm darned if I will."

Better Never than Late

THERE was only one way to avoid the coal shortage, and that was to move away from it.

Eleanor and I realized as much when a personal canvass of sixteen—or was it seventeen?—coal yards had convinced us that the essential fuel was going to be sold by the gram this winter.

"You might leave your name and address," replied one dealer in anthracite and sarcasm, according to the formula of the trade. "We may have some later on, but ten tons of coal—" He sniffed discouragingly, and added, "You wouldn't like a bushel of pearls, or a gallon of rubies, or maybe a few cubic yards of platinum?"

Assuredly we would have liked any or all of them, though our first concern was our coal bin. But, as I noted before, we realized the futility of our desires, and when Eleanor came across that advertisement of a tour of the world, we decided to go. Anything to save us from a winter of shivering.

Followed a fortnight of shopping, during which we parted with the

fortune that would otherwise have gone to miners and operators.

We were ready, at last, with exactly forty-three minutes left to catch the steamer. The taxi stood waiting in front of our home, while the driver and I made a half-dozen laps with assorted specimens of luggage. Then Eleanor and I climbed into the tonneau.

Down the street came a lumbering, groaning truck, loaded with coal.

"Close your eyes, dear," I commanded, wishing to spare my wife any unnecessary suffering.

The truck stopped. The driver dismounted.

"This where Mr. Drummond lives?" he asked.

A dire foreboding gripped me. My name happens to be Drummond. I found strength, somehow, to admit my identity.

"Five ton of coal for you," the driver informed me. "Five more coming later on. Where shall I put it?"

Somehow or other, that tour of the world was a miserable failure. Both Eleanor and I hated every moment of it.

J. K. M.

The New Silhouette

THE so-called Grecian silhouette—

One can but view it with regret,
 This *mode* that sports the trailing shawl

Is fit for some, but not for all.
 God pity her who's lank and lean—
 A veritable pole *de* bean,
 Draped in an unbecoming screen.

This weird, cubistic *mode* is strange,
 Perchance, in time, a subtle change
 Will make it seem not to reveal
 Such kinship to a sack *de* meal;
 And we who scoff ourselves may meet

In draperies all too complete,
 With crooked hems that sweep the street.

Perhaps we should not so berate
 This *mode* before it gets its gait.
 It is not *svelte*—it is not gay—
 And yet we all may get that way,
 For Fashion is a mistress stern.
 Full brave are they who dare to spurn

Her new decrees. We all may haste
 To look the way that home-brews taste.

M. H. C.



A Sad but Seasonal Story

Three olde men sate around the fire,
It was cold, for the wind blew
chill-O,
They told many tayles of the auld
lang syne,
An' they sipped their stoup with a
will-O.

All suddenlye, from the night outside,
Through the door a lassie stumbled,
O her face was fair, an' her eyes
were wilde,
An' her words were mixed and
mumbled.

On her arme was a purse of woven
gold,
The skins of moles did cape her,
An' she hugged to her breast as
she sank in a swoone

What looked like a piece of paper.
They raised her up and they sate
her down,
They gave her a good long swallow
Of bootlegge gin, an' she oped her
eyne,

But her stare was fixed an' hollow
"Whence come ye, lass?" one ancient
quoth,

"Dost flee from a mad pursuer?
Is your hame afire? Doth your mith-
er ail?

Dost search for an errant wooer?"

"Nay, I do not flee from any one,
An' my hame's not burning, ither,
I can't get rid of my wooers at all,
An' I'm blessed with a healthy
mith'er."

"Then why did ye sink to the floor
in a swoone?

Then why is your strength ex-
hausted?"
The olde man peered at the night
outside
Through the windows white and
frosted.

But she didn't answer his queries at a'
Though she talked in a stream
that was steady,
An' things like this 'gan to fall from
her lips:

"What on earth shall I get for
Neddie?

"O my poor, poor feet, they ail me
sair!
How much should I spend on
my cozen?

Show me something, please, for a
lad of ten,
Dost sell these flasks by the
dozen?"

She raved along in that aimless way,
Those olde men couldn't stop her,
But they knew from the talk and
the list in her hand
That the lass was a Christmas
shopper.

An' she passed right out in the
chair where she sate,
O her fate was melancholy!
They buried her there 'neath the
juniper tree,
An' over her grave grows holly.

B. L.



"How dare you kiss the maid while I'm out!"
"Why, my dear! That's the only chance I have."



DECEMBER 7, 1922.

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 80. 2092

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 598 Madison Avenue, New York



THIS Christmas finds the world still groping after peace and good will. They are in urgent request, but the way to them is difficult. The war is far from being cleaned up; jealousies and fears infect the nations.

The Christmas remedy for the ills of life and politics was never better thought of. It is no trouble to get an opinion that the world must have religion. It is a good deal of trouble to find any one with a clear view of what it is and how to get it.

The laity discuss it a great deal. The *Villager* declares that religion must be the inextricable part of every-day life, must be more than "respectability touched with faint emotion," must beat in our very blood. It offers industrialism, nationalism, and race conflict, as the three great problems confronting the modern church.

Dr. Charles Steinmetz, of the General Electric Company, who has been talking about "The Place of Religion in Modern Scientific Civilization," deprecates what he calls the increasing antagonism between science and religion that tends to make the two seem incompatible. He does not think they are incompatible. He does not think that science, with its limitations, can satisfy man. We may get along, he thinks, without a God, but not without immortality. Science, he says, has no evidence either of God or immortality, but that does not impress Dr. Steinmetz very deeply. Knowing, as he thinks he does, that the conceptions of science are based on our sense perceptions, he wants to know whether they are really final and all-embracing, or limited to a

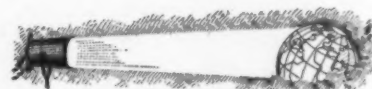
certain range and not beyond it. Science, he says, does not deal with the real world, of which we know nothing, but with the world as it appears to our senses. And then he asks if there are no limitations to our sense perceptions, which limit the validity of the conclusions we derive from them.



EVIDENTLY he thinks there are such limitations. Being well acquainted with science he is not much in awe of it. He will go with it as far as it will take him and then go farther, if he can, with something else. That other thing is religion, to which, he says, there can be no scientific foundation but it must always rest on belief. So he finds that science, which rests on the sense perceptions, and religion, which rests on belief, are not necessarily incompatible, but are different and unrelated activities of the human mind.

Certainly they are not incompatible, but is it true that they are unrelated, and that there can be no scientific foundation to religion? Is it true that religion does not rest at all on the evidence of the senses? It rests on belief, to be sure, but is not a good part of that belief a belief in the evidence of the senses? What is the basis of the story of the herald angels who brought the Christmas news? The testimony of the shepherds who saw and heard them. What is the basis of belief in the miracles in the Bible? The testimony of witnesses, most of it second- or third-hand. How did Saul become aware of the vision on the way to Damascus? By the evidence of his eyes and ears. A good part of the work recorded in the

New Testament seems to have been done to furnish to the senses of human beings evidences of religion and its power. Why else the miracles? Certain minds believed the evidence. Other minds rejected it. So it has been ever since; so it is now. Science cannot yet account for so-called miracles. Very good ones are going on all the time. The evidence about them is much fresher than about the New Testament miracles, but the scientists do not understand the force that does the work, and not many of them believe the work is done. Perhaps it is because religion reaches to the real world, which, Dr. Steinmetz says, science knows nothing about, being solely concerned with the apparent world.



OUR scientific civilization has immense efficiency of a certain kind, but it cannot safeguard the relations of human beings. People are afraid that with all its wheels turning and all its serums working, it may still go to smash overnight as a consequence of war.

But science as represented by Dr. Steinmetz is doing a lot better than it used to do. It is not nearly so know-it-all as it was. It has almost caught up with Hamlet and his "more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Respecting even what it does not understand, it helps cheerfully in the general quest after truth, and may help in due time in enlisting the testimony of the senses to the truth that is in religion, and that is the background and support of Christmas and its message of Peace and Goodwill.

E. S. M.



"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right* there is none to dispute."

*Ask Messrs. Daugherty, Lasker, Wayne B. Wheeler, or any foreign country.

Why Did He Druid?

A Mistletoe Different Kind of Christmas Story

"BEAVER!"

The rich, high baritone voice of Etaoin Shrdlu, the Beautiful Boy Briton, rang through the still air. His tapering forefinger pointed at the venerable beard of Wauf, the greatest Druid of them all. It was a terrible moment.

"Seize that man!" cried Wauf in an awful voice. (He had a bad cold.)

Thirty minutes later Etaoin Shrdlu was chained to a stump in the Sacred Oak Wood and left. Bitterly he reconsidered the whim which had brought on the wrath of the head Druid.

He was, he reflected, decidedly out of luck.

II

"Oh Etaoin!" Slim and lovely against the sinister background of the mystic oaks, stood little Cwypmf, daughter of Wauf, the head Druid.

She loved Shrdlu with all her maiden heart.

"Oh Etaoin," she said, "whatever made you get fresh with Father? Tomorrow there will be a great assemblage. You shall be enchanted."

"It sounds pleasant," admitted Shrdlu.

"Don't misunderstand me. I mean Father has ordered you to be turned into something horrible. At present your fate hangs between a fish-faced basilisk and a rank acre of pokeweed. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Etaoin Shrdlu kissed her tenderly. He, too, loved.

III

At that moment, an arrow came whistling through the air and fell at the feet of the two lovers.

Attached to the arrow was a note from Glooba, the Vampire Druidess. She also loved Etaoin Shrdlu, the Beautiful Boy Briton.

"That woman," said Shrdlu, "gets on my nerves. I wish she would let me alone."

He might get funny with her father but he was ever true to Cwypmf.

"All her notes are as bad," agreed Shrdlu. "She is not sure of c-a-t, cat."

"That gives me an idea," said Cwypmf in a thoughtful voice.

She was a clever minx.



Ballade of Ye Loute and Ye Mushye Knyghte

A thoughtless loute sate onne a walle
A horsemanne rode beneath;
He mockethe ye magpye's cherry calle
By y-whustlinge throe hys teethe.

Ye sounde smote sweete ye horsemanne's eare,
And didde hys hearte enthralle
With thoughts of home and childrene deare,
And caused ye-teare to falle.

"Thy simple songe, oh simple pye,
Doth touch my soule," he cryde;
"It is no pye—pardie, 'tis I!"
Ye loute declayrd with pryde.

Thusse rude awakkened fromme hys trance,
Ye knyghte with angrye shoute,
Didde brak his lance upon ye pants
Of yt ille-mannyrd loute.

Together they opened and read the note.

"*Beutifull Boy*," it said, "*the casting of the enchantement has fallen to me. Now thou wilt be all mine own. I love thee deaply, pashunately. . . Ever thy*"

GLOOBA.
"What frightful orthography," said Cwypmf, simply.

"I knew she would not succeed," said Cwypmf, simply.

"How did you know?" asked Etaoin. "It was obvious from her letter," said Cwypmf, blushing slightly, "that Glooba is a terribly bad speller."

Tenderly the lovers embraced. Life—for Etaoin and Cwypmf—was just beginning.

H. W. H.

IV

It was the day of Shrdlu's punishment. In the great amphitheatre of the Druids, all was confusion.

Instructed by Cwypmf, Shrdlu had demanded an obscure right—the right to call his own enchantment. Bravely, he had demanded the spell of the Seven Owls and the Bloody Moon.

It was the most terrible one known to Druidry, the least used and the most difficult to perform.

Glooba, savagely aware of these facts and suspecting trickery, had done her best.

But her best was not good enough. Nothing had happened.

As the disappointed crowd surged angrily about, Etaoin and Cwypmf seized a handful of sacred mistletoe for protection and escaped.

V

In an open boat, headed north-northeast, sat Shrdlu with Cwypmf, his sweetheart.

"Thanks to your cleverness, my darling," he said, "we are safe. But oh, when I called for Glooba to perform the spell of the Seven Owls and the Bloody Moon, were you not afraid for the outcome?"



Fate of the reformer who was opposed to the ancient custom of the Wassail Bowl.



"Look pleasant, p



pleasant, please"



"Some class, that dog: You'll sure enjoy
Good sport, with Flo along, my boy."



"She scorns camp fare—I take it Flo's
Accustomed to Delmonico's—"



"You'd think she'd never even heard
Of such a creature as a bird."



"What's that? Flo's off her feed? That's queer.
Did you neglect to 'dress,' old dear?"



Dinner was *de rigueur* that night,
So Flo regained her appetite—



And now, if Kodaks can be trusted,
All records (and game laws) she's busted.

The High-life Dog

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A Prospectus

From Messrs. Noel, Noel & Tannenbaum Christmas Counsellors



S your mind at rest on Christmas Day so that you can grasp the significance of the phrase, *Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men*, or are you so perturbed by the consciousness of presents not sent or presents not acknowledged or even presents not returned in kind, that a Christmas greeting card gives you as much pleasure as though it contained the inscription: **MAY ALL THE JOYS OF INCOME TAX RETURN DAY BE YOURS.**

* * *

In the second case, you probably need the advice of a Christmas Counsellor and we take great pleasure in recommending to you Messrs. Noel, Noel & Tannenbaum, the well-known Christmas Counsellors, 4432-4-6 and 8 Northeast by East Mutual Life Insurance Building, New York.

* * *

For example, Messrs. Noel, Noel & Tannenbaum have brought out a line of standardized, adjustable letters of acknowledgment of which only one sample ought to convince you how large a measure of benefit they confer upon their clients by this branch of their service alone. It reads as follows:

"*Sans Souci*,"
Gasmont Park, New Rochelle,
December 25th, 1922.

DEAR UNCLE JASON:

It was so kind of you to send us the lovely {Rolls-Royce. How did you know that Elsie and I were so fond of {touring} ? We are anxious to see you and let you know how much we appreciate your {splendid} gift. When do you {thoughtful}

and Aunt Selina expect to {come out to Gasmont Park? }
{go out to California? }

Your affectionate nephew,
JAMES HOWE MUCHMORE.

* * *

It was Messrs. Noel, Noel & Tannenbaum who invented an all-the-year-round notice card for use on store doors in New York City, reading as follows:

THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED ON

CHRISTMAS
YOM KIPPUR

Messrs. Noel, Noel & Tannenbaum have added an intelligence department, fully bonded, to their other interesting Christmas service, in which a skilled corps of detectives is employed. Upon payment of a relatively small fee a client of this reliable firm is furnished with a full report of just exactly what price the friends and acquaintances of the

client have paid for their Christmas presents destined for him during the current Yuletide season. The data is furnished to the client sufficiently in advance of Christmas to enable the purchase of a return gift of equal or less value. Thus you are saved buying a Capo di Monte vase priced at eight dollars for a friend who contemplates giving you a bottle of No. 87,223 Eau de Cologne marked down to \$1.50 at all chain drug stores. You no longer shoot in the dark as to what you ought to pay for a present to a rich relation who is subject to sudden fits of economy. It is all settled fifteen days in advance of Christmas by a report as follows:

Operative D439 arrived subject's residence 2-45. Subject came out and walked 32 blocks to store of Messrs. Gasket & Gasket. Operative followed him inside and looked at neckties while subject asked price of amethyst cuff buttons. Upon being told \$35 subject turned white and staggered slightly. Operative made acquaintance with him by offering him pocket flask and spent rest of afternoon with subject. They visited in turn a number of department stores and jewelry stores where subject priced various cuff links and cuff buttons. Subject finally bought pair of cuff links at store, the name of which operative was unable to see on any sign but windows posted with signs reading: *Lease Expires, Everything Sold Regardless of Cost*. Subject paid \$0.78 (seventy-eight cents) for same and ordered same delivered to client at client's address marked *Not to Be Opened Till Christmas*.

* * *

The following are two testimonials selected at random from the many that have been sent to



"Subject turned white and staggered slightly."

them quite unsolicited by grateful clients:

*Railroad View Apartments,
Riverside Drive, New York,
December 26th, 1921.*

Messrs. Noel, Noel & Tannenbaum,
New York.

GENTLEMEN:

My husband and I cannot thank you sufficiently for your valuable services this Christmas. We had ordered for my aunt, Mrs. Sutphen Van Blaa, of Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, a \$785 case of sterling flat table silver from the Maiden Lane Branch of the Widewideworld Silver Company, with twenty-four of everything in it, even oyster forks, when your report containing the news about the imitation Ming temple jar arrived. My husband estimates that by purchasing instead a copy of *Little Essays on Love and Duty*, by Havelock Ellis, he saved \$783 on this transaction alone. It seemed a very suitable gift for an old lady of 73, judging by the title.

Gratefully yours,
SELINA SCHUYLER BACIGALUPO.

*The Post Graduate Club,
Fifth Avenue, New York,
December 26th, 1922.*

Messrs. Noel, Noel & Tannenbaum,
New York.

GENTLEMEN:

I received your report containing the information as to where my grandson purchased the case of Scotch which was delivered to me by motor truck early yesterday morning, and I think that I do not exaggerate when I say that in all probability I owe my life to your excellent Christmas intelligence service. Kindly mail a copy of your report, typewritten on more substantial paper, to my attorneys, Messrs. Randall, Phillips, Edson, Storm & Jennings, 2 Wall Street, and request them to file the same with my new last will and testament which I executed this afternoon.

Thanking you for your efficient service,

Truly yours,
CORNELIUS M. FLINT.
M. G.

Gifts

I WILL bring you amethysts, webbed in silver lace,
Stained with purple from the hills of some far place;
Sapphires that have raped the sky of its fairest blue,
Topazes of filtered gold, I'll bring to you.

Emeralds of softest green, stolen from the Spring,
Rubies where the crimson sun's a living thing,
Ivory as white as death, I will search it out;
Opals, too, as saddening as lovers' doubt.

Onyxes that mirror night in an endless pool,
Coral with the pink of dawn, Heaven-sent and cool,
Myrrh and incense I will bring—
Earth's whole treasure spent—
Just so soon as I have paid my next month's rent.

J. K.-M.



A Christmas Windfall

"Mother, I sold all me papers an' every one o' me customers told me to keep de change."



Director of \$200,000-a-Year Child Star: Now, lissen, Jimmy. Ya gotta use your imagination. It's th' night b'fore Christmas—see? An you're a poor kid who never got a present in your life—see? Look at that toy auto as though ya really *wanted* it. Put some punch in it. **CAMERA!**



Inventory

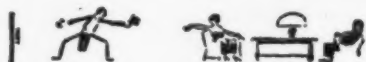
THIS being neither the middle nor the end of a theatrical season, and there being no reason at all for summarizing the plays that have already been presented, why not let's do it? Why not let's light the old jimmy-pipe and sit in front of the badly smoking logs and just take time to review the dramatic season which began, 'way back in August when Daddy was a boy, with the murder of *Montgomery Stockbridge* in "Whispering Wires"? Then it will be out of the way when the end of the season comes and the other critics are fussing around with their lists of "the ten best off-stage noises of the year," and we can all get off for Kamp Kum-a-part a week ahead of time.



OF the sixty-six odd plays that have been produced so far this season, seventeen never even got their eyes wide enough open to see what a beautiful world it was that God had brought them into. In the case of several of them, there wasn't time to determine whether they were boys or girls. It was "Off to the tannery, lads!" and away they went.

There have been about fifteen of what we in the theatrical world call "hits." A "hit" at a theatre gives the man in the box-office the right to have you arrested when you ask him to sell you a couple of seats at the advertised price. He may let you off easy and just have the doorman throw you out for your effrontery, but don't count on it.

Of these hits, two have been murder mysteries, three simple comedies of the "wholesome" type, two tragedies, two light comedies and four musical shows. These, as you will see, do *not* add up to fifteen, but there is no sense in going back over them to see what is the matter. It's all in fun, anyway, and probably anyone taking the trouble to examine any of the other figures given by this department would find most of them wrong, too. In a thing like this, our motto is, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."



ONE discouraging thing about this analysis is disclosed by the announcement that there have been eight

dramas dealing with marital unhappiness, none of which has been a real success. Now what does *this* mean?



THIS is just the season of the year to note also that the modern Christian church has been getting a series of rather ugly cracks in the drama lately. At the present rate, the entrance of a clergyman on the stage will be a signal for mothers in the audience to hustle little Emily out of the theatre before things begin getting sordid. This tendency, together with a noticeable increase in disrespect among playwrights for the glory of war, the efficiency of our present industrial system, and the infallibility of the marriage service, makes one stop and think. Which, of course, is a bad thing in itself. It is this constant stopping and thinking on the part of people that holds us up like this.



AND now just a few words in review of the season's audiences so far. We are happy to say that our campaign against the coughers, started two years ago, has begun to show results. Either people are wearing heavier underwear and catching fewer colds, or they are deciding that when they have a cough they might better stay at home with a good book. Whatever the reason, it is now almost possible to hear every line of most plays without having to ask the actor to repeat it please.

The gigglers are still pretty bad. Their latest delight is "Rain," in which they consider the clergyman's downfall exquisitely funny. We had thought that a little ruse of ours last summer had cleared the ground of most of these indiscriminate laughers. We went to the trouble of finding out the names and addresses of all the people who laughed at the wrong places, and sent them each a package of marshmallows stuffed with a quaint East Indian poison. A little card was in each box, reading: "Dear Friend. Eat these and get a *good* laugh." Hundreds and hundreds of our list died. (You may have noticed it in the papers during the week of July 9th.) But evidently not enough, so we are thinking up something new to send out this Christmas and hope to start out the coming year with an entirely new line of audiences. . . . And a merry old Xmas to all!

R. C. B.

The Week Before Christmas

TIS the week before Christmas and every night,
As soon as the children are snuggled up tight
And have sleepily murmured their wishes and prayers,
Such fun as goes on in the parlor downstairs!
For Father, Big Brother and Grandfather too
Start in with great vigor their youth to renew.
New games are unwrapped and directions are read
And they play till it's long past their hour for bed.

They try to solve puzzles and each one enjoys
The magical thrill of mechanical toys.
Even Mother must play with a doll that can talk
And (if you assist it) is able to walk.
It's really no matter if paint may be scratched,
Or a cog-wheel, a nut or a bolt gets detached;
The grown-ups are having great fun—all is well;
The children don't know it and Santa won't tell.

G.K.D.



Mrs. X (as very fat lady passes): What would you do,
sweetie, if I were to get as fat as that?
Mr. X.: Oh, I should write once in a while.



"JUNIOR WILL JUST GO CRAZY ABOUT THIS!"

An International Episode

THERE'S more electricity, they say, in the American atmosphere than in Great Britain. For all that, my first shock in England last summer was electric,—as it must have been for many another American. None of the many electrical appliances with which my trunks were heavy would work over there. At home all we have to do is to pull out a bulb, insert the plug of our warming-pan or flat-iron or tea-kettle or whatever it may be,—and there we are. It was really a shock to find it otherwise.

But, worst of all, I am straight-haired. And into no socket of British make would my curling-tongs fit. On the boat, I could do nothing. At our London hotel, the electrician could do nothing. And in such a climate, a "permanent" wave becomes little more than transient.

A thought struck me. *When in Rome . . .*

"You might try Mr. Odes," suggested the electrician, in answer to my question.

"Mr. Odes?"—I paused, interrogatively. English proper names are not to be treated lightly by untrained tongues.

"Odes," repeated the electrician:—"Haitch, Ho, Hay. D—'Oads . . . St. Vitus Court. 'E does repair work."

To St. Vitus Court I took my tongs. Mr. 'Oads was only too 'appy to replace my plug with one of British make warranted to fit the British socket.

"You'll 'ave to be careful about your voltage, Miss," he cautioned when I called next day. "Your plug's all right, now,—but your tongs can be used only with 100. I don't know the voltage of your hotel,—but none of 'em's the same 'ardly. The Splendide, now,—it's 200; we wired it ourselves. And The Billingsgate's 250. But Perridge's is only 100. You should use your tongs at Perridge's

but not at the other two. Best find out the voltage of your hotel, Miss, before you attempt to curl your 'air."

Now, I knew very little about voltage, but I at once saw that here was an opportunity to indulge in my national propensity to reform something,—whether you know anything about it or not. Especially when Mr. 'Oads, warming to his subject, told me that not only hotels but private houses in England have different voltages. Only by chance were any two of them alike, apparently. Why, when a girl armed with curling-tongs went a-visiting in England, her first and safest question was not, "How d'ye do?" but, "What's your voltage?"

What nobler enterprise than the internationalization of electric-light standards! Not alone the straight-haired sisterhood but all travellers whose trunks were heavy with electrical appliances, would thank me. Such a standardization would do much to promote international amity.

Before undertaking my reform, I thought it best to ask advice,—and from the highest. We Americans, as



"WAS HIM THE SWEETES' SANNY CLAUS 'S EVER WAS?"

is well known, have great respect for authority. It is, too, no slight thing to meddle with the voltage of an entire nation,—the British nation, at that,—and all because one wants to curl one's hair. Some of the replies to my inquiries were so illuminating that I'm sharing them with LIFE. Perhaps others may be interested in them, too. I have omitted from the first letter many disenvowelled words embellishing the original.

DEAR MADAM:—

Let us face the facts. Would a policy of all-plugs-to-fit-all-sockets, and a common electric-light voltage for both sides of the Atlantic, promote international good-feeling? Or, would it merely make hair-curling easy for you,—and others? Could such standardization be accomplished? You say, it would strengthen the Anglo-Saxon

alliance. But there are facts to be faced. Would English electricity, whatever the voltage, condescend to go along American-made wires? Welsh might. A hundred or more conferences upon the subject would lead to—more conferences, perhaps. It is a vital subject,—only less vital than that other great fundamental fact of civilization with which Parliament has of late been so deeply concerned,—fabric gloves.

I have referred your letter to the Lord Chancellor. You will undoubtedly hear from him at the earliest possible date.

I am,

Yours very respectfully,

D—V—D LL—YD G—RG—.

MY DEAR MADAM:—

Never in all my long and (I think I may say) my important political career, have I been confronted with a



"I'LL BET THE BLESSED RASCAL IS AWAKE!"

more amazing,—a more momentous problem than that presented to me in your very gracious letter of Aug. 32. It is, as you so justly aver, a subject second in importance only to the rate of exchange and as a means of promoting international good-feeling,—the Union of the English-speaking race for which all of us, British and Americans alike, so earnestly long,—it cannot be overestimated. You are right,—and upon every point. May your noble efforts succeed beyond the measure of our present vision, and may both our nations, soon or late, be bound more closely together by the indissoluble bonds of a—of a—whatever it was your letter said would bind them.

I have referred your communication to the Foreign Office, from which you will undoubtedly receive a prompt and appreciative reply.

Accept, my dear madam, my very cordial assurances of my faith in your most apposite undertaking, and let



"CUT OUT THAT MID-VICTORIAN STUFF!"

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY FLAG

me again express my earnest thanks for your kind letter.

I am, etc.,

Yours faithfully,

W—NST—N CH—RCH—LL.

3:—

MADAM:—

What's the matter with askin' some o' the other bounders 'bout this 'ere? The 'Ome Hoffice is what ye're lookin' fur.

Y'rs,

J—CK J—N—S, M. P. (LABOUR).

DEAR MADAM:—

With great interest, as you may well imagine, did I peruse your courteous letter of the 32nd August. True, I am not in position to meet your intelligent suggestion with the grace and gratitude that it deserves. But that it will assuredly find due honor at the hands of some one more fortunate than myself, there can be no doubt.

An internationalized electricity would be a great asset for the British Empire,—provided it were all British. And unlike most schemes for internationalization, yours has not one hint of Bolshevism in it. I cannot imagine Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky taking the slightest interest in the question of how to curl the hair.

I have communicated with the Privy Council as to the general trend and significance of what you are good enough to commend to our national consideration, and whatever can be done in your behalf, I am assured, will be done. Should complications of any kind arise, you will not fail, I trust, to call upon me again.

With every wish for your success, believe me to be, my dear Madam,

Very truly yours,

B—LF—R.

(Continued on page 73)

Pop's Christmas Tree



"What! Buy a Christmas tree?" cried Pop.
"Not while this strong right arm can chop."



"Ah, that's the stuff!"



"Now watch your popper."



"Say, Pop, here comes

"A real wood-chopper!"



And when they praise Pop's Christmas tree,
All Pop can say's, "Atchoo! Atchee!"

The Season's Greetings

EVERYONE has been embarrassed at one time or another by the sudden arrival of unexpected Christmas cards. They emanate from the strangest sources, and always put in an appearance on December 24th—too late to allow time for a hurried answer. They thus add immeasurably to the general jollity of this festive occasion, for those upon whom they are inflicted are bound to enter the Yuletide season overwhelmed with that guilty feeling.

To be sure, the recipients of such un-wanted messages can always retaliate with New Year's cards; but this, after all, is a feeble response, like a perfunctory afterthought. It doesn't serve to conceal the self-evident fact that someone has blundered.

This year, we feel it our duty to warn all our readers that they should do their Christmas mailing early. First of all, you must decide which of your friends you will favor with seasonal greetings. Make out a list of all the people that you have ever known in the world—or that any member of your family has ever known—and then work backwards along that list. It is always the friends whom you would naturally think of last that are most likely to send you Christmas cards.

Having performed this obligation, the next thing is to get your cards—and play them right. This is a mere routine performance. All messages of this nature are fundamen-

tally the same in spirit, and it is unwise to attempt originality.

A particularly appropriate one is entitled, "A Yuletide Thought." It reads as follows:

*To you, old pal,
Go all good wishes,
From the bottom of my heart—
For a Merry Christmas.*

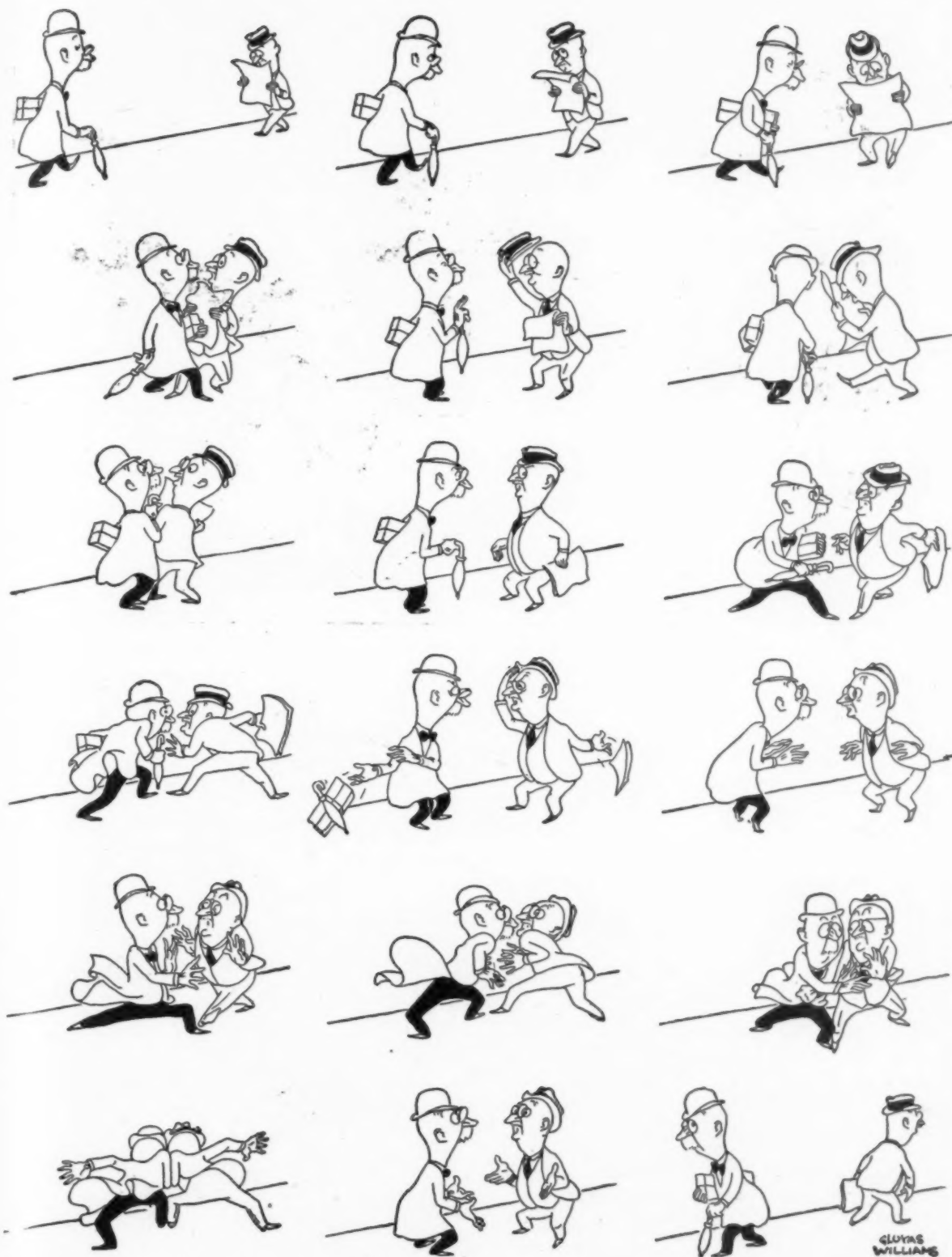
And another,
*Sweet, tender thoughts
Of you I'm keeping—
So please accept
This Yuletide greeting.*

These little lines may appear simple and unostentatious at first glance, but that shouldn't disturb you overmuch. After all, it's the thought that counts.

R. E. S.



"Please, Mister, we got a new sled for Chris'mas. Would ye mind prayin' for snow?"



"They Shall Not Pass"

Two is a crowd



The Skeptics
"Mother, he'll never fit."



THE FIRST GRINDSTONE

OUT into the desert fared Lummo, the grouch,
In search of his enemy, Haid,
Intent upon pinking the skin of the slouch
By means of his good lethal blade.

The sand swirled in eddies, like elfins at play,
About the gnarled legs of the steed
And burnished the gilt on the chariot gay,
Of which it stood sadly in need.

Then Lummo demanded of Ran Cid, his aid,
And his voice split the silence of space:
"Ho, varlet, didst sharpen the edge of my blade
Before the advance from our base?"

"No, sire", Ran replied and he shook like a leaf,
"There wasn't a whetstone in stock."

"Thou negligent mut and son of a thief,
I'm minded to lop off thy block!"

But staying his hand by the force of his will,
He leaped from the tail of the cart
And lit on the sand with an acrobat's skill
And a manner decidedly smart.

Then clapping his sword to the rim of a wheel
He ground the dull edge of the blade
Until it was sharp to the touch and the feel
And perfectly fit for the raid.

All honor to Lummo, the peer of them all,
For he the first grindstone achieved!
Necessity whistled and he heard the call
And all the dull world was relieved.

P. N.

DO not despair if at first you meet with failure. Remember that there is no royal road to literature. Here are some facts that will serve to hearten you in your work:

Bernard Shaw had to wait six weeks before he made his first thousand pounds.

Before Rudyard Kipling bought his first steam yacht, he was paid

Helpful Hints to Growing Authors

only eighty cents a word for his stories.

"It took me two whole years," said Frank A. Munsey, "before I could save up enough money to buy a paper that would print my stuff."

"I had to wait for nearly four

weeks," said Booth Tarkington, "before the first ten thousand dollars for one of my short stories was sent to me. Fortunately we were well supplied with canned vegetables."

Mary Roberts Rinehart at first refused to speak of her early struggles, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. All that she could murmur was: "It's the first fifty thousand that's the hardest." T. L. M.



In Amity Township Life-long Enemies Speak on Christmas Day

"A Merry Christmas to ye—Deacon White!"

"And the same to you, Mister Jones!"

Grandfather's Clock and the Radio

"HUH!" said the Grandfather's Clock, "I'll tell you how it was. In the first place, let me explain that I've stood in this room, year in and year out, sticking faithfully to my ticking, except when they forgot to wind me, and getting never so much as a word of appreciation from any of them. And I an heirloom, too."

"Well, you can comprehend from this, I judge, that I was surprised, to put it mildly, when I overheard my owner—he's the great-great-grandson of my original owner—say to a visitor one evening: 'Don't go yet; stay around and hear eleven o'clock strike.'"

"Fair enough, I thought. I'm one hundred and thirty-five years old, and it was high time somebody took a little notice of me. Better late than never, I figured. I am proud to say that mine is a particularly clear and bell-like chime. And when I strike an hour,—well, I don't wish to boast, but people have said that they could hear me out in the middle of the next street."

"Still, an invited guest—invited

especially to hear *me* strike—was an unusual honor, even for an heirloom."

"'No more than is my due,' I reflected. But why eleven o'clock? Why not midnight, and an added stroke? Still, I was not disposed to be critical. The precise hour mattered not."

"They say there is no fool like an old fool, and I am one hundred and thirty-five years old. I should have been prepared for it, I suppose."

"I was ticking along in my best style, resolving to strike eleven so that they'd be proud of me, when at just about five minutes before the hour, my owner and that precious guest of his turned their backs squarely on me and sat down at a table before a little black box with some wires attached to it."

"'Manners are not what they were when I was young,' I ruminated. 'However—'

"My owner favored me with not the slightest attention, remarking, as he fastened some round discs to his ears and a similar pair to his guest's: 'We'll get it official, straight from Washington. They give it to us

every night. Listen sharp, now.'"

"And then there was silence, broken only by my ticking. Then came the hour."

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'they're not listening, either of them, but he asked that fellow to stick around and hear eleven o'clock strike, so here goes, the best I know how.'"

"I struck; and I flatter myself that in all my one hundred and thirty-five years, I never did it better. Clear, beautifully timed, with full, complete tones."

"And what do you suppose happened? It was, and is, incredible. I can't understand it yet. My owner jumped out of his chair, yanked those little discs from his ears, and cried: 'I might have known it! We could have heard it if it hadn't been for that old fire-bell of a grandfather's clock, striking eleven. Why didn't I think to stop it!'"

"Can you, as they say these days, beat it?"

"I shall positively never strike again."

"And very likely I shall quit going altogether!"

A. H. F.



VICTOR C. ANDERSON
+ A.C.

Getting Ready for the Christmas Reunion



Christmas in Hollywood

SANTA CLAUS felt excessively warm. He loosened the collar of his red coat, which was trimmed with the finest grade of ermine, and then took the coat off altogether and laid it under the seat. It stifled him. As he gazed down at the town which flattened itself below him, and looked at the jumbled mass of red, green, mauve and apricot colored roofs, he sighed. It did not appear to radiate the requisite Yule-tide spirit. There were too many palmettos, arranged in trim rows along the asphalt boulevards.

Of course, there was something decidedly Christmassy in the name of the place—Hollywood. It conjured up a picture of a little old village in Yorkshire, or Somerset, or Hants, with genial squires driving about in tinkling sleighs, and shouting "Halloo!" in sheer exuberance, with waits doing their best to keep everybody awake while chanting, "God Rest Ye, Merrie Gentlemen," with rosy-cheeked wenches coyly dodging the sprigs of mistletoe held high by lovelorn swains—and, above all, with copious quantities of gleaming, glistening snow.

There was no snow in Hollywood. The Chamber of Commerce could vouch for that. There was plenty of it within view, to be sure, on the peaks of Mount Wilson and Old Baldy, but these were merely part of the painted landscape on the canvas backdrop.

CONSEQUENTLY, Santa Claus was disturbed. Being woefully old-fashioned and Mid-Victorian in his conception of Christmas, he resented the absence of all those outward symbols with which tradition has adorned the season of peace on earth, good will toward men.

As he looked down, with troubled eyes, his attention was suddenly attracted by an insignificant object

which reposed on the lawn in front of a large and costly villa. It was a Kiddie Kar.

Santa Claus beamed, and heaved a thunderous sigh of relief.

"There is a child in there," he murmured, "and wherever children are—there is the true spirit of Christmas."

So he whipped up his reindeer and swooped down to earth, alighting on the roof of the villa.

HAVING completed his descent through the chimney, he emerged into a huge room, the floor of which was littered with toys of an elaborately mechanical nature. In the center of the palatial apartment was a four-posted bed, and in the center of this bed lay a little boy, whose blond hair fell in tangled disorder about his round, cherubic face.

Santa Claus smiled at the somnolent figure and then started to examine the toys, to ascertain what (if anything) the child lacked. There were electric trains, with a complete working model of the Grand Central Station; there were fire departments; there were toy Police dogs which could actually growl at a given signal; there was a motion picture camera. . . .

Suddenly the little boy started up. "Who are you?" he asked.

Santa Claus looked at him, slyly.

"Never you mind, my little man. You go right back to sleep."

The child peered curiously at the strange intruder.

"Are you an interviewer?"

Santa Claus blinked.

"Because if you're an interviewer," the child continued, "why are you all dressed up like an extra doing Alaska stuff?"

The kindly old Saint did not know what to say to all this.

"My father doesn't allow me to receive interviewers," the little boy said, "except when he's around to tell 'em what to say."

"Don't you know who I am?" Santa Claus asked.

"Frankly, no!"

"I'm Santa Claus."

The announcement didn't seem to register.

"I guess I've seen your name somewhere," said the odd infant, dubiously. "Probably in the *Silver-sheet*, or *Screeendom*, or one of the other fan papers."

Santa Claus scratched his head.

"Haven't you ever heard of Christmas?" he inquired, and there was a note of bewilderment in his voice.

"Oh, sure!" the boy vouchsafed. "We have to close the studio on Christmas, just when we're working hardest on the cabaret sequence."

Santa Claus picked up his bulging bag of toys.

"Perhaps I'd better be getting along," he mumbled.

"Well," remarked the child, yawning, "I don't know what magazine you're with, but you might as well tell your readers that they are always nearest my heart; that I am still unspoiled by the extraordinary success that the great public has accorded me; that I like to be surrounded by my books; that I intend to devote my career to perpetuating all the world-famous classics of literature on the screen; and that my next production will be a picturization of a story written especially for me by Harold Bell Wright. Good night."

SANTA CLAUS arrived at his home at the North Pole. Little gnomes came running out and led his reindeer to the stables, while the old Saint trudged wearily into the house.

"Well," said Mrs. Claus, "how's tricks?"

Santa sank down into his rickety old armchair.

"Christmas ain't what it used to be," he sighed, and went to sleep.

Robert E. Sherwood.



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So It Goes

I never wore a dinner-coat,
Or anything that looked half-formal,
But every other soul I'd note
Was dressed in tweeds or serges normal;
I never went to an affair
In striped tie and suit of gray,
But every person who was there
Fooled me, and dressed the other way.—*Columbia Jester.*

To Be Demonstrated

"Now that you two are one," began the vicar.

"Which one?" asked the demure bride.

"Ah," said the vicar, who was a married man. "You must find that out for yourselves."—*London Daily News.*

INTERVIEWER: And what made you take up weight-lifting as a profession?

PROFESSOR: Well, I've always had a weakness for that sort of thing.

—*Windsor Magazine (London).*



Mistress: I want you to continue to look after the catering, Mary, and I shall give you an extra seven shilling a month, so that it will pay you to be honest.

Mary: Before I agree, Mum, I must just do a bit of arithmetic to see how it works out.

—*Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.*

The Philanderer

In front of a Broadway restaurant yesterday we saw a small, ragged urchin watching a girl in the window baking batter-cakes. We thought we detected an air of wistfulness about the lad and our heart was touched.

"Hungry, kid?" we asked.

"Naw!" came his scornful reply. "Can't a feller look at a swell dame without drawin' no crowd?"

—*Bide Dudley, in New York Evening World.*

Bones from Everywhere

"What is this, professor?" asked the low-browed visitor.

"A dinosaur. I articulated it myself."

"You did what?"

"I put it together."

"Well! well! Imagine being able to make a thing like that just out of odds and ends!"

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*

It Would Seem That Way

PROFESSOR: Why should we read all the best of the present-day literature?

B. S.: So we can appreciate the parodies.—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

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Up the Nile to the
FIRST CATARACT; CORSICA, the
home of Napoleon, LISBON,
SOUTHAMPTON, LONDON,
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Through the Dardanelles

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Rushed to Death

During the flu epidemic at Camp Bowie base hospital, many of the doctors worked twenty hours a day. One rookie medico had a seventy-five-bed ward thrust upon him the first day of his Army career. He struggled valiantly with his professional work, but failed to realize that he was now a soldier.

He forgot the sacred morning reports. He forgot to make out the sacred mess regulations. He exasperated everybody. Finally the colonel hauled him to the carpet and demanded:

"Why in the blankety-blank-blank don't you read your Army regulations?"

The young doctor looked at him in sleepy-eyed surprise.

"Army regulations?" he ejaculated. "Good Lord, colonel, I haven't even had time to read the newspapers!"

—American Legion Weekly.

In the Fog

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog, so thick that he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching through the obscurity, and sighed with relief.

"Where am I going?" he cried, anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness:

"Into the river—I've just come out!"

—Tit Bits.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

When Critics Get Together.

"How did you find 'The Ivory Soap Dish,' Gerald? Speaking for myself, I found it a Well Motivated Story, Replete with Thrills."

"You are right, there, Arnold. It has a Sheer Forcefulness that is Nothing if Not Impressive."

"Yes, the author proves that in addition to being a Born Story Teller he is a Satirist with a Masterly and Utterly Ruthless Hand."

—New York Herald.

Overswinging the Lead

THE TRAMP: Kind lady, I ain't one er them what's seen better days. I ain't 'ad no better days. I've bin neglected right from the start—bein' born in a little attic in Lunnun while me parents was down at Southend enjoying theirselves.—Punch.

Q. E. D.

TUTOR: Now then, Smith, have you proved that proposition in Euclid?

STUDENT: Well, sir, 'proved' is a strong word, but I can say I've rendered it highly probable!

—Humorist (London).

"Do you think the end of the world is near?"

"Well, it's nearer than ever before."

—Stevens Tech. Stone Mill.

Are You
Entertaining
To-night?

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

A Welcome Guest
at Formal Dinner
or Informal Supper

Sole Importers
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Locktite TOBACCO POUCH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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MAKE pipe-smokers happy with Locktite Tobacco Pouch. You couldn't do better with a mint to spend and months to shop. Most practical pouch made. Stays flat, keeps pockets clean. No buttons or strings. Patent top opens easy, closes tight. At cigar, drug and leather goods stores. If dealer cannot supply, sent on receipt of price.

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A FULL QUART of the most delicious non-alcoholic Cordial is made with the contents of each of these little bottles.

From Nancy, France, in 25 flavors. Use the fruit flavors for pudding sauces.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and address for trial bottle and a copy of "Original Recipes" our interesting booklet.

Mouquin

Restaurant & Wine Co.
489 West B'way, New York
Local Dealers Desired



Christmas Gift Talkers

"... Jim six dozen golf balls. And so he wouldn't think I was extravagant about his present I got the kind I play with myself, so we could both use them. They are not nearly so expensive as the kind he buys for himself. I believe in being sensible about these things."

"... not to get him anything, but I'm going to anyway. I think women are too apt to forget their husbands at Christmas. I thought some of getting him a nice new bridge lamp or a really good picture to brighten up the living room. I could get them in here; we have an account."

"... things I got last year and couldn't exchange! My dear, I mislaid the cards and couldn't remember who gave me what and so I don't dare to send them out this year as my gifts. Of course, I can use them up in the family."

"... promised him I'd positively finish shopping to-day. But he wouldn't want me to get sick over it. If we get our luncheon now we'll just be in time for a matinee."

M. H.

Winter Joys

UNFORTUNATELY it is practically impossible to tell before marriage how a woman will react to winter sports. If it were there would not be so many divorce suits brought by men on the grounds of compulsory bob-sledding after the age of forty. Neither would there be so many marriages. A woman who just loves the big outdoors is all right in the summer-time. You can even put up with her in the Fall.

TIFFANY & Co.

PEARLS JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE
OF DEPENDABLE VALUE

PURCHASES MAY BE MADE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



"There is something
fine about it"

\$3.50 and up
at the better
smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK

But one who likes to get her guests out on the lawn and snowball in the winter, or take the children's sleds and go out on some forlorn hillside and be kiddies again. . . . Some crimes of violence are not incomprehensible.

One can never tell when the fit will seize her. A slight restlessness continuing two or three days, with a dull eye succeeded by a glitter, and sudden, impatient gestures, are the usual symptoms. Sometimes a brisk walk of fifteen or twenty miles in the snow will allay the craving. But nine times out of ten nothing short of compelling a tableful of short-winded, middle-aged dinner guests to go skating will do.

And such a woman always has an uncanny instinct for avoiding the thin ice!

McC. H.



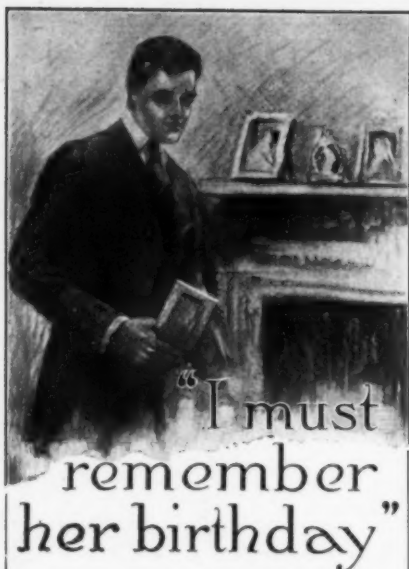
A Wonderful Christmas Gift!

Swings back and forth automatically; the suction of the motor furnishes free power. The windshield is kept clear as crystal for sure vision, and both hands are always free for safe, comfortable driving. Easy to install. Will last for years. The Folberth Auto Specialty Co., Cleveland.

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Automatic
WINDSHIELD CLEANER

The Ideal Winter Resort
**PRINCESS HOTEL
BERMUDA**

Directly on the Harbor. Accommodates 400.
Open Dec. 15 to May 1.
Modern throughout. Grill Room, Golf, Tennis, etc.
Direction of L. A. TWOROGER CO.
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and Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.



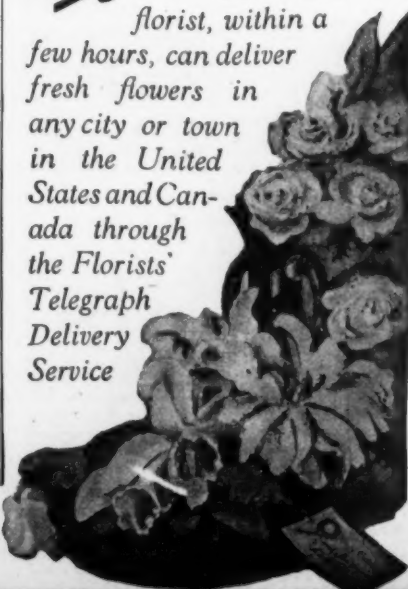
"I must
remember
her birthday"

Radiant chrysanthemums,
modest violets, glowing
roses, splendid orchids, ex-
quisite gardenias await you
among the glorious profu-
sion of flowers which your
local florist has prepared to
carry your holiday and
birthday greetings.

Send flowers—a graceful
token of love and esteem
for all your greetings—they
will say for you much
more than
words

"Say it with Flowers"

Your local
florist, within a
few hours, can deliver
fresh flowers in
any city or town
in the United
States and Can-
ada through
the Florists'
Telegraph
Delivery
Service



Rhymed Reviews

Babbitt

By Sinclair Lewis.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THAT double-fisted, big he-man,
The real-estater, George F.
Babbitt,

When put to proof was tamer than
A cabbage-eating, pink-eyed rab-
bit.

And like to him were all his crowd,
The town of Zenith's loyal boosters
Who swaggered so, who talked so
loud

And called each other darned old
roosters.

For not a man of them would dare
To think or say or put on paper
A thought, however right and fair,
That wasn't just the proper caper.

In Babbitt woke a vague unrest:
The net reward of all his labors
Was leave to do his clan's behest
And live exactly like the neigh-
bors.

For someone always made him
mind—

His gentle wife (or other ladies),
His friends, his foes; and how he
pined

To tell them all to go to Hades!

Fed up at last, he weakly tried
To be a reckless, free old hellion,
But pressure, skilfully applied,
Subdued his middle-age rebellion.

So Mr. Lewis loves to write,
Enthroned upon his nice veranda,
These books that aren't novels, quite,
But satires mixed with propa-
ganda.

Poor men, poor men! in every clime,
In every nook that folks inhabit,
They're bossed and hector'd all the
time

Like Sinclair, me and George F.
Babbitt! A. G.

Two Bad

HENRY SPINNER had a splendid
thought for Christmas. He would
send pairs of ducks he had shot to
several of his most intimate friends.
It was a good idea, too. Even his
wife admitted that. She was enthu-
siastic, too, in making them look
"Christmassy" by placing on the out-
side of the package those cute labels
with pictures of Santa Claus, holly,
and other jolly things on them. There
would have been no real objection
to her indulgence in this feminine
weakness, either, except for the fact
that each label bore the caution, "Do
not open until Christmas."



BERMUDA

Visit this Winter paradise for
sportsmen. Wonderful golf (2
new 18-hole courses), tennis,
fishing, bathing.

ROYAL MAIL

"The Comfort Route"

Weekly sailings from New
York by S. S. ARAGUAYA
(17,500 tons displacement),
the largest steamer sailing to
Bermuda.

Send for booklet L-5

West Indies Cruises

Jan. 24th and Feb. 24th

Two fascinating cruises among
these fascinating islands on
the S. S. ORCA, (25,500 tons
displacement) newest, largest,
and most luxurious steamer
engaged in West Indies
cruises. Visits to Nassau, Ha-
vana, Jamaica, Colon (Panama
Canal), La Guayra, Trinidad,
Barbados, Martinique, St.
Thomas, San Juan and Ber-
muda. Rates, \$250 and up.

Send for booklet L-6

EUROPE

Fortnightly sailings to Cherbourg,
Southampton and Hamburg
by famous "O" steamers.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

"The Daddy of them all"

THE most acceptable of all Christmas presents. Its superior quality, beauty and unfailing reliability are life-long reminders of your thoughtfulness and good judgement.

- No. 12. Regular Type. Holds more ink than any other type. Made in a great variety of sizes and designs. **\$2.50 and up**
- No. 52. Self Filling Type (fills automatically). Particularly suitable for boys and girls at school or college. **\$2.50 and up**
- No. 42. Safety Type (absolutely leak proof). Can be carried in purse or handbag or on ribbon guard. Particularly suitable for women. **\$3.00 and up**
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with
ring
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with
clip
cap.
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with
clip
cap.
\$2.75



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TO THE **Mediterranean**
(Limited to 450 guests—about half capacity)
By Magnificent New
CUNARD S. S. "SCYTHIA"
Specially Chartered
Twin-Screw Turbine Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons
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Madeira, Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers,
Tunis, Holy Land, Constantinople, Greece,
Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, etc.
The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, commodious state-rooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)
Free optional return passage at later date by any Cunard steamer from France or England.
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BY H. G. WELLS

The romance of world history is Mr. Wells' theme. Shorn of the elaboration and complication of prosy detail and illustrated with over two hundred photographs and drawings, this new book forms an interesting, informing, authoritative story of man through the ages. \$4.00

A brilliant new novel by Miss Sinclair

ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS

by May Sinclair

A novel of love, honor, pity, and remorse centered in three principal characters and worked out to a supreme issue through the action of one of them. \$2.00

A novel of New England character

OLD CROW

by Alice Brown

Disillusioned by the war, John Raven returns, to his New England home where, through his pity and care for two bewildered neighbors, he finds new interests in life. \$2.00

An absorbing novel of America today

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by Arthur Somers Roche

The never solved debate of idealism versus materialism. Jim Willoughby's success is contrasted with the spiritual growth of his friend, Sam Foyle. A strong story of life, honor, and truth,—philosophy and science. \$2.00

For sale at any bookshop or direct from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

Not Proven

I LONG had longed to know about what women chatter so about

When they believe that absolutely no one else is present; I gained my object sorrowfully—I listened most immorally—The means were underhanded, but the end was not unpleasant.

The gentle dame who carried me away, long since, and married me,

Was entertaining friends at tea upon the east veranda; Behind my study lattice (fie!) I heard enough to satisfy The most devoted fan for feminist propaganda!

They chattered like a rookery, but not of dress or cookery;

The gossip they indulged in was entirely free from scandal.

Of jazz affairs and skittish hops, of bargains at the city shops,

No word occurred to give my preconceptions any handle.

In kitchen or in nursery, their interest was cursory;

They never spoke of cinemas, nor bridge, nor operations.

Their scorn of the conventional appeared almost intentional—

I listened with amazement to undreamed-of revelations!

They spoke of miscellaneous events contemporaneous,

The foreign situation, the domestic tariff menace;

The latest strike vicissitude was handled with solicitude— They talked of Walter Hagen's golf, and Susie Lenglen's tennis.

The pot began to percolate—the intellectual circle ate And drank and left. I sat amid the ruins of a blunder! But had they caught me listening? My dear wife's eyes were glistening—

And have I learned a single thing about it all? I wonder!

T. R.



The next time, they won't intrust the hanging of the mistletoe to their kid sister.

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo, to open early in 1923; 500 additional rooms will be added later.

In the Park Square district of BOSTON there is to be another HOTEL STATLER, with 1100 rooms, 1100 baths, opening date to be announced later.



I'M a Statler porter. When you want to make a train in a hurry I'm very much at your service; I'm as careful of your baggage as if it were my baggage; I know enough to make me useful in emergencies — and I'm *not* a grouch. Also I live up to my instructions, and take it for granted that "the guest is always right". What the chief says goes, with me; and you've probably seen, often enough, what kind of instructions he gives us on service to guests.

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*



FIBERLOID

Beautiful Toilet Articles of Fiberloid in Ivory, Tortoise and colors to harmonize with interior decorations.

A gift intimate and lasting, Fiberloid will not break, dent or tarnish. Leading stores sell it in single pieces and in handsomely cased sets. Send for the *Fiberloid* booklet, describing the attractive patterns—

Avondale, Berkshire, Fairfax
Grammarle, Rosemont
THE FIBERLOID CORPORATION
Indian Orchard, Mass.
New York Office, 55 Fifth Avenue.

Foiled at Last

My front collar button is like the front collar button of every other individual. It is possessed of seven devils, and about our house there are no swine into which to drive them, the devils, so that they, the swine, shall rush into the sea and be drowned. Therefore my front collar button takes it upon itself to do the rushing and, there being no sea handy, it rushes under the bureau and hides. Already, though we have been in our new home only long enough for one raise in rent, its shank has worn a groove in my bedroom floors. 3548

Today being Saturday, I was putting it in a clean shirt. Suddenly it jerked from my fingers. Plink! it landed on the floor and away it started over its old, familiar, well-worn route.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" I laughed. "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

I had moved the bureau.

D. M. T.

Coué in the Home

MRS. NEWLYWED: Dearest, this is the first dinner I ever cooked.

MR. NEWLYWED: Wonderful! One could easily mistake it for the third or fourth.

In the Art Museum

(Continued from page 24)

celluloid I expect, with a gold band, or brass I suppose it is—

ATTENDANT

You had a check, Madam.

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

Oh, did I? Let me see, now where did I put—I shall lose my head next. It's so wet I think I'll have another look round at the pictures—I shall probably find the check in my bag.

(She hurries back and searches for the number on the picture.)

A CUSTODIAN

Can I help you, Madam?

ABSENT-MINDED LADY

Oh, don't trouble. (To herself.) 23—23. I shall know it when I see it, it belongs to my niece, so I must find it, even if it wasn't raining.

ATTENDANT

(To himself.) Another one of those cranks. It was her was after the Blue Boy. Better keep an eye on her—

(Goes up to the Absent-minded old Lady kindly.)

Can I help you to find what you want, Madam?

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 SHOES FOR MEN and WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE for style, material, workmanship and reasonable prices they are unequalled. FORTY YEARS of satisfactory service have given the people confidence in the shoes and in the protection afforded by the W. L. Douglas Trade Mark.

PROTECTION against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair.

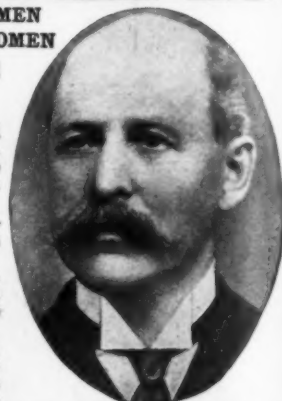
W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are exceptionally good values. Only by examining them can you appreciate their superior qualities. You can always save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes.

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President
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Boys Shoes \$4.00 & \$4.50

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The Ideal Holiday Gift Rest assured—

Faultless

SINCE 1881
Pajamas and Night Shirts

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"



ABSENT-MINDED LADY
(Seeing that he is quite human, confides in him.)

I don't want a picture exactly, it's my umbrella, or rather my niece's—I know there were sheep in it, but that's all I remember. Oh, there are some sheep, no, that's 27.

ATTENDANT
(To himself.) She's worse than I thought. (To the old Lady.) Well, Madam, if you don't really want the picture—

ABSENT-MINDED LADY
But I do not want it, it's the check for my umbrella, or rather my niece's, at least I think it is—I found it on the floor and I thought it came off a picture and I put it on one that had no number—Do you know where there are any more sheep? Or perhaps they were goats. That's it—(rushing over to the picture.) I remember now, they were goats, that's what made me say sheep.

(The Attendant takes the check from the picture and hands it to the old Lady)

ATTENDANT
That's an umbrella check, all right.

ABSENT-MINDED LADY
Oh, thank you so much, I must hurry, I shall be late for lunch, it's my niece's umbrella, I don't want her to eat it alone, thank you so much—You must have thought I was crazy.

ATTENDANT
Oh, no, Madam, you can't always tell the sheep from the goats.

B. H.



Santa Claus: Hold up, there! It's not fair to this kid to have two present-giving days combined. Bring him back next June.



Except the eyes, no factor in beauty counts for more than white teeth

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free ⁹⁶²

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 530, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



Warner's WRAP-AROUND


Invisible Corseting

NOT a trace of a lacing has the Warner's Wrap-around—just narrow sections of firm elastic alternating with brocade, that stretch enough to let you "wrap it and snap it" on.

And when on, the Warner's Wrap-around is a part of yourself—not a line showing through the gown.

It holds you, just as much as you want to be held—and no more. It's a featherweight, and you're free in it.

Prices: \$3.50; down to \$1.50; and also up.



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Tea in the Palm Room
Dancing
in the Supper Room

JOHN M.E. BOWMAN,
President

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 58)

One Exciting Night. *United Artists.*—D. W. Griffith relaxes his dignity and produces a hokum mystery melodrama which is thrilling and funny in the extreme. Those who go to the theatre to be entertained will find this piece highly palatable; those who do not will be entertained in spite of themselves.

The Young Rajah. *Paramount.*—Exhibit A in the case of Rodolph Valentino vs. the Famous Players-Lasky Corp. If this is the best they could do for their popular star, they deserve to lose him.

To Have and to Hold. *Paramount.*—A vivid melodrama of the early Seventeenth Century, distinguished by the marvellous pantomime of Theodore Kosloff.

Robin Hood. *United Artists.*—We have recommended this picture to everyone we know, and as yet we have received no vengeful bricks from those who took our word for it. We feel sure that this gratifying immunity will continue.

Skin Deep. *First National.*—A crook play with a wonderful start and a fairly good finish.

The Impossible Mrs. Bellew. *Paramount.*—Gloria Swanson has a number of new gowns, but her eyelids look just about the same as ever.

Oliver Twist. *First National.*—Jackie Coogan's finest picture—which means that it would be a credit to any star, big or little.

Lorna Doone. *First National.*—Tremendous excitement for a few reels, and then equally tremendous boredom. Maurice Tourneur's pictures, and the acting of Madge Bellamy and Frank Keenan, make it seem better than it really is.

Under Two Flags. *Universal.*—Give Priscilla Dean an Arab steed, and an ordinary desert to dash across—and then try to stop her.

Trifling Women. *Metro.*—Not much of a story, when you come to think of it, but you don't have to think of it while Rex Ingram has you by the neck.

The Old Homestead. *Paramount.*—Homely philosophy laid on two inches thick.

For Review Next Week.—"Tess of the Storm Country," "Anna Ascends," and "Brothers Under the Skin."

Books

WHEN I met her first,
I gave her a book of verses:
On her birthday
I gave her a diary;
And then she graduated:
I gave her a set of Emerson's
Essays.
We're married now—
I give her a check book.

L. M.

NAIAD Perfect D Ready-to-wear DRESS LININGS

The modern dressmaking convenience. For new gowns or making over old ones. Distinctive and refined workmanship. Perfect fitting. Silk, Net, Nainsook and Messaline. All sizes. Long Waists and Stylish Stouts. 50c to \$1.25.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



Workmanship! A Keen Kutter knife hides no part of which its maker or owner need be ashamed. To be really knife-satisfied, carry a Keen Kutter



Simmons Hardware Company

KEEN KUTTER



HOMERILLIARD & POOL TABLES

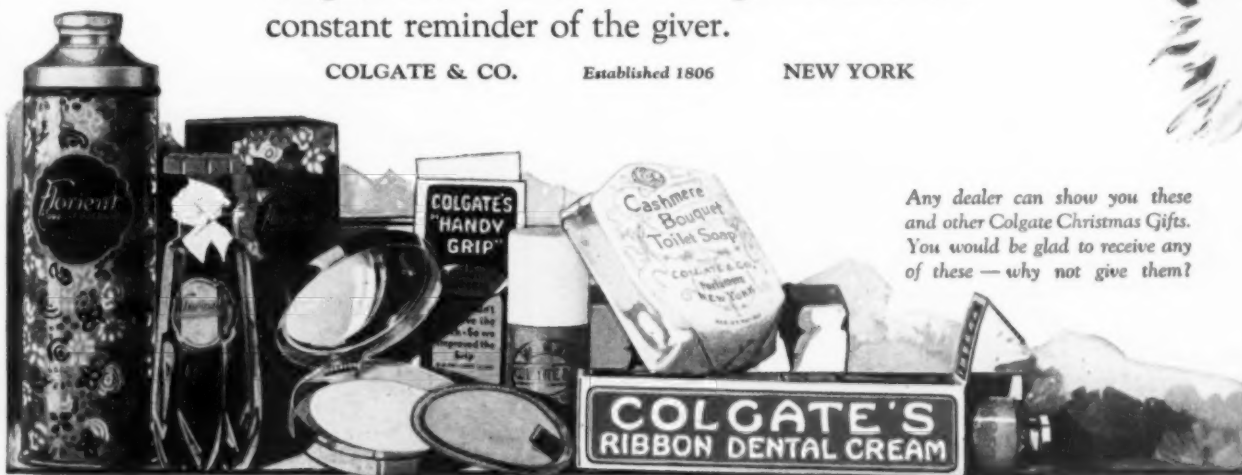
Magnificently made in all sizes, at all prices. Game exactly same as standard table. Become expert at home. Use in any room, on any house table or on its own folding stand. Quickly leveled, put up or down in a minute. Full playing equipment free. Small amount down, small payments monthly. Ask your dealer or WRITE US TODAY for Catalog, etc. R. T. BURROWES CO., 5 Free St., Portland, Maine.

Gifts that are sure to please

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FOR the perplexing problem of the "little" gifts nothing equals Colgate's charming toilet articles. Instead of being quickly tossed aside, a Colgate Gift is used for a long time and is a constant reminder of the giver.

NEW YORK



Any dealer can show you these and other Colgate Christmas Gifts. You would be glad to receive any of these — why not give them?

The bright red box of Ribbon Dental Cream looks cheery in a Christmas stocking.



A "Jack of All Trades" is usually Master of None



DEFINITION

The practice of Chiropractic consists of the adjustment with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse

Ask Your Chiropractor for "The Last Word"

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the
Universal Chiropractors' Association, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.

All Rights Reserved

A chiropractor is not a "Jack-of-all-trades." He is master of one.

All that the properly trained chiropractor pretends to know is how to adjust the spine.

He doesn't know much, but what he does know is true. What he **does** know works so well that Chiropractic has been built upon the failures of those who know so much that isn't true.

It takes three years of constant application in a first-class resident school to train a chiropractor to properly adjust the spine, **providing** he has the ability to learn. All the schools in the world, however, cannot train a person who lacks in faculty or desire to learn. Such incompetents invariably attempt to hide their lack of ability behind a mass of adjuncts, such as electrical devices, dietetics, baths, etc.

The competent Chiropractor uses nothing but his hands, and does nothing but adjust the misaligned vertebrae.

If you are thinking of trying Chiropractic, select a competent Chiropractor.

Employ none but a **competent** chiropractor.



Now Under New Management

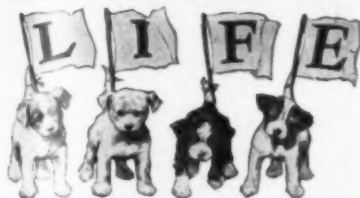
An International Episode

(Continued from page 49)

In the London papers, I read that Mr. J—m—s C—x, former governor of the state of —, U. S. A., was in town. I wrote him, too. No one is too big,—nor too small,—to be of help in launching an undertaking of such might and magnitude as this of mine. But I received no answer. Later, I learned that he was unable to write letters—to see anyone,—being completely overcome at his hotel at seeing himself headlined in the British press as "Prominent American!" And in spite of all the reassuring letters I did receive,—(1) the novel and original idea of calling a conference; (2) the hearty Hands-Across-the-Seas spirit; (3) the dignity of Labor; and (4) the B—lf—r Note,—nothing has yet been done toward standardizing electricity!

N. B. My hair is still uncurled.

J. B.



Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to FEED AND TRAIN your dog

KEEP HIM HEALTHY

and CURE DOG DISEASES How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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The dog that will guard your home and family; the dog that will whip to a standstill a bull that weighs a ton, then turn around and allow your baby to jump on him and gouge his eyes. An outdoor and indoor pal of your boy every day for ten years. A protector of your wife and daughter anywhere. With his head in your lap, his sparkling

eye will convince you there is a lot of truth and loyalty left in the world. Our Island White Cavalier took five blue ribbons at September Chicago Bench Shows and his sons were among the twelve Amundsen took on his seven-year trip to the Polar regions and others are herding reindeer beyond the Arctic Circle. Wonders on the farm. Hardy, country grown pedigree stock. Pair will raise \$500.00 worth of puppies a year. Strikingly beautiful accessories for saddle horse, auto, lawn or porch; thoroughbreds in body, mind and soul. For a Xmas puppy, wire or write immediately. Tell us what you need a Collie for. ISLAND WHITE COLLIE KENNELS, DEPT. LL, OSHEOSH, WIS.



Throat specialists, throughout the world, recognize the efficacy of Formamint in preventing infection through the throat

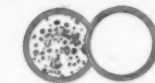
Guard against infection

Make this tablet your constant companion

TRY as we may, we cannot escape the germs of infection. They are about us everywhere we go. Dust-swept streets, stuffy cars, stores, offices—any crowded place will breed and disseminate them.

Science tells us that they first lodge in the soft linings of the throat before invading the system.

So it is there we must attack and destroy them if we wish to avoid infection. Hence, the vital importance of the most careful throat hygiene.



Saliva culture, after simple rinsing of the mouth, containing very numerous bacilli.

Formamint, the germ-killing throat tablet, makes throat hygiene easy and pleasant. Little tablets, scientifically compounded, which one lets dissolve in the mouth, release a powerful yet harmless germicide which mixes with the saliva and thus penetrates into every fold, nook and crevice of the mouth and throat, searching out and destroying germs so they can no longer be a menace.

For more than 15 years physicians have watched the effects of Formamint and have testified to its splendid efficiency.

Use Formamint steadily as a protection against infection. Use it whenever your throat feels sore or scratchy. Use it as a matter of personal hygiene.

Formamint

GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS

Formamint is our Trademark—It identifies our product

SAMPLES:

To acquaint you with Formamint we will send a trial tube on receipt of 4c in stamps to defray the cost of mailing. Address The Bauer Chemical Co., 118 West 18th St., New York, N.Y.



Christmas Wreaths

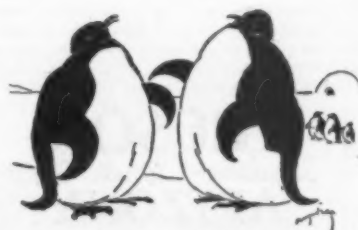
DRUID, ivy twine
And the holly spray!
This is the divine
Natal day.

'Tis for Faith they glow
Hanging high above
With the mistletoe,
That's for Love.

C. S.

APPLICANT: . . . and I'm a college graduate.

EMPLOYER: Well, I guess I'll give you a chance anyway.



JUST LIKE DEAUVILLE

First Penguin: Of course, you know, no dressing up.

Second Penguin: In dress coats, as usual, then?

—Le Rire (Paris)



Doorman at Concert: My dear young lady, you're too late. The singer has just started and if I opened the door half the audience might rush out.
Kasper (Stockholm).



Golf on New Year's Day

Join a foursome in Tucson, Arizona, on New Year's Day.

Eighteen holes of surprises, then delightful, lazy rest in warm sunshine on green lawns. The soft, invigorating air, turquoise skies and bright days brim life full of revitalizing enjoyment.

Only a Few Hours Away

Tucson is only 53 hours from Chicago, 73 from New York. Situated on a half-mile high plateau is this delightful, modern city of 25,000 where snap of mountain climate and zest of desert air combine. Motoring through cactus forests, hunting, horseback-riding, golf (clubs are open to visitors), sight-seeing in Old Mexico, Indians, Missions, are experiences you will never forget. Come now and join a foursome on New Year's Day.

Reduced Rates

Reduced rates on all lines are effective with direct Pullman service via Rock Island or Southern Pacific. Rents are reasonable in Tucson; hotels excellent.

Send for Booklet

The Sunshine-Climate Club, composed of leading citizens and institutions of Tucson, has prepared a booklet telling of life where winter is unknown. Before you decide where to go this winter—read this booklet. Just send the coupon.

TUCSON Sunshine-Climate Club ARIZONA

TUCSON SUNSHINE-CLIMATE CLUB,
164 Old Pueblo Building, Tucson, Arizona.

Please send me your free illustrated booklet "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

Name _____

Address _____



Silver Brocade with open bar panel and heels of plain Silver Cloth; Gold Brocade with open bar panel and heels of plain Gold Cloth.

An illustrated brochure will be sent upon request.

CAMMEYER
Branch De Luxe
677-Fifth Avenue
Between 53rd and 54th Streets

"New York's Most Beautiful Shoe Shop"

"One Dozen American Beauties"

IT had been quite a triumph! Sitting cross-legged on the bed, Betty recalled the events of the evening before turning out the gas and going to sleep. She was transported from her barely furnished room to the long, narrow chorus-girls' dressing-room in the Folly Theatre, where "Fluffs" had opened that night. For three weeks, during rehearsals, she had been forced to listen to the endless chatter of the other girls in the chorus about the men who were "simply crazy about them." They were all rich men, too. At least the girls vehemently asserted that they were. And invitations to dinner, automobile rides and presents were the trophies of which her friends were continually talking. It didn't seem to matter what their "men" were like. It was the money which they spent upon them that counted.

And they had spoken rather pityingly to her in mentioning them—with an unvoiced sympathy for the fact that she seemed to have no one to send her such gifts.

Well, it had been rather amusing to see their mouths open when that box of American beauties with their long, uncut stems arrived. That big blonde girl sitting near the end of the table had even stopped in the middle of her make-up to come over for a personal examination.

"What do you know about this,

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—while the hospitable doors of The Holly Inn and The Berkshire open early in January.
Golf, Tennis, Trap shooting, Rifle Range, Horseback Riding, Racing, Driving, Motor-ing, Airplaning.
Championship events in every field of sport scheduled through the entire season.
For information or reservations, address:
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the **deaf** hear WITH THE **Vactaphone**
New invention, resulting from radio experiments, enables the deaf to hear.
Write for details or FREE Demonstration.
GLOBE PHONE MFG. Co. 1222A 1—Grand Street

girls?" she had called to the others. "Little quiet Betty has been holding out on us. She's had someone on the string all the time. And I'll say he's come across." Others had risen and surrounded her, paying no attention to the call-boy's shrill "Half-hour" as he passed the door.

There had been envious gasps punctuated by the rustling of the oiled paper as she unwrapped it from the dripping leaves.

"Bet he drives a 'Foolish Six' and everything," another had said with a nonchalance which didn't deceive Betty in the least.

"Maybe they're from Edsel Ford," suggested another. "I heard he's in town."

FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

My Years on The Stage

By JOHN DREW

In his fiftieth year on the stage John Drew tells a pleasure-recalling story of the roles he has played, men and women who have acted with him and of famous people who have been among his friends. Very fully illustrated. \$5.00

OLIVER HERFORD'S enchanting drawings lend delight to an already remarkable story for children.

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Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



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Coming home in the street car that night after the show had ended, she had been conscious of attracting still further pleasant attention. The passengers knew what was in that long box. Any simpleton could have guessed it, with the stems peeping out from one end. And probably some of them even thought her an important actress or someone equally celebrated.

Her thoughts returned again to the room in which she sat and her glance rested upon the roses themselves. It had been quite a job to keep them from falling out of the wash bowl in which she had placed them. A perfect network of strings from the faucets, chandelier and mirror had been necessary.

And then her eyes lowered. She examined again the slip of paper in her hand:

"To Miss Betty Wright, Dr.: One Dozen American Beauties," the bill read, "Twenty dollars."

T. H. L.

Krementz

Variety

makes it possible for you to select from the many Kremmentz designs a pattern, shape and finish that just suits you.

Collar buttons with long or short posts, round, flat or pointed heads — 25c to \$1.50 each.

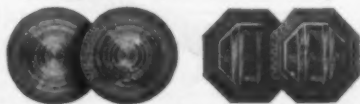
Cuff links with round, oval, square and hexagonal fronts in 14 kt. gold plate or sterling, and in every correct finish. \$2.50 to \$7.00 a pair.

Evening jewelry in all the correct designs permitted for tuxedo and full dress wear. \$4.50 to \$17.50 a set.

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Literature upon request.

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American Razor Works, Dept. N31, 1575 Ogden Ave., Chicago

It Must Be Wonderful To Be A Detective

IT must be wonderful to be a detective.

It must be wonderful to be able to wear a wig and false beard.

How I should love to sit in the back room of a saloon, tossing off seidel after seidel of near-beer, behind yesterday's newspaper, while I overheard the diabolical plot of three radical Slovaks to blow up the Japanese Garden of the Ritz.

I should adore to track a stranger of babies to his lair.

I should love to pick up a clue.

And I wouldn't care where it might lead me.

I have been told that a shoelace is one of the best of clues.

I should go about scrutinizing everybody's shoelaces.

It would be such fun.

It must be wonderful to expose the suave and nonchalant rogue as he is in the act of lifting his hostess' rope of pearls.

A detective's life is so adventurous.

He is always on the *qui vive*.

He is always outwitting the rascal.

And he's always got something up his sleeve.

I should love to creep about in gum shoes.

I should love to shadow someone.

It must be so exciting.

I should like to catch some scheming bank president with the goods.

It must be wonderful to be a detective.

How I should love to detect some decent non-alcoholic drink.

C. G. S.

Maxims of a Dry Age

A drinking man will clutch at a straw.

It's the deception that proves the rule.

Necessity is the mother of abstention.

Internal revenue is the price of liberty.

Forty-rod will spoil the child.

A good brew needs no Busch.

One swallow makes a sinner.

It's a poor recipe that won't work in two days.

A snitch in time saves a fine.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can brew to-day.

There's no suppressing of tastes. Near-beer is better than none.

S. K.

LOUISE: Did Clare do as you told her to, and not give you any Christmas present?

JULIA: Yes, the stingy pig.
CAREY PRINTING CO., BETHLEHEM, PA.



HE will be glad to receive a pair of Boston Garters packed in an attractive holiday box. No matter what else you give, get this little remembrance for every man on your Christmas list. At stores everywhere.

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Valued Gift

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If one of your tires is carrying more weight than the other three because of less air in the tube, it is being driven to premature destruction. The weight of the car should rest **EVENLY** on all four tires. In order to have even pressure, you *should* measure it with a

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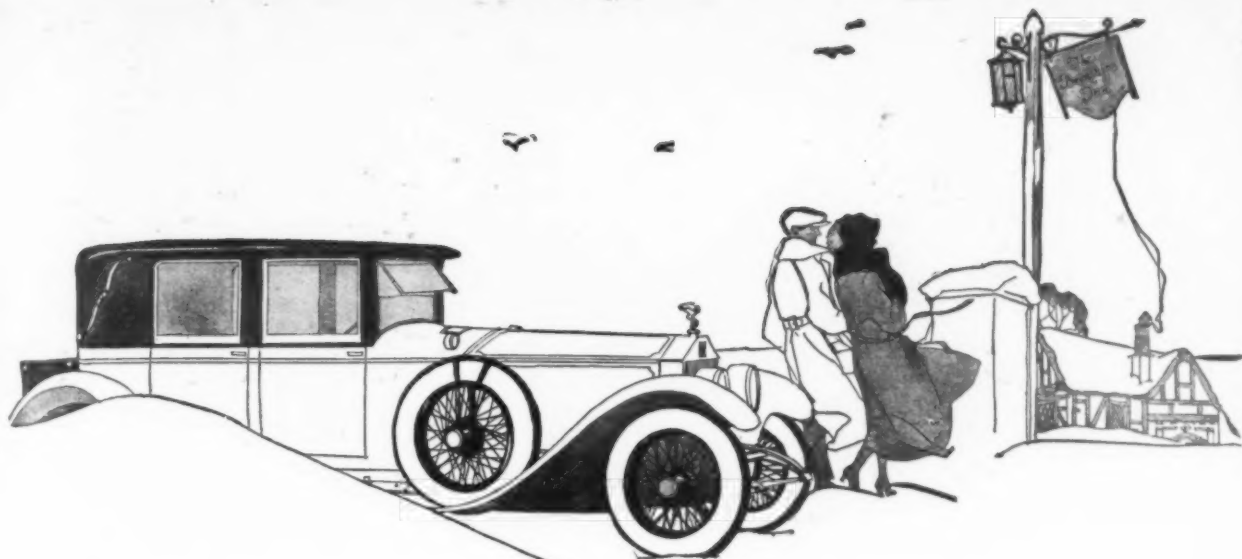
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